Cambria : Freeman
is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
BY JAMES C. HASSON.

Subscription Rates.
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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1892. NUMBER 38.

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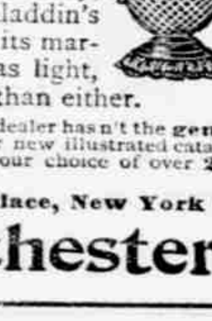
We make wagons, buggies, surreys. High grade; as light, [illegible] as stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized [illegible] can produce. Built on honor by men of life [illegible]. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our [illegible]. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you [illegible]. We'll lead to business by and by. Send for our [illegible]. It's free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

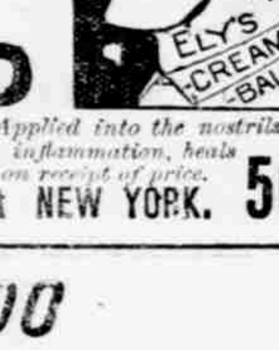
Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World.*

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

Ely's Cream Balm

THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD



Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO.

Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

[illegible]

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

1,300 BUSHELS OF POTATOES

G. W. BRAMBLE, Fair Lee, Kent Co., Md., says:

With 800 pounds of **Powell's Green Bag Fertilizer for Potatoes,** on 1½ acres of land, he raised 1,300 bushels smooth, good sized potatoes. When quantity of fertilizer and quality of land is considered, this is largest crop of potatoes ever raised in the world. Why not raise big crops of potatoes? We can tell you how to do it, and how to prevent Potato Rot and Blight.

Send two-cent stamps for Book of 128 pages.

W. S. Powell & Co.,
Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturers,
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Successor of the Unabridged.

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A GRAND INVESTMENT for the Family, the School or the Library.

The work of revision occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editorial laborers having been employed, and over $300,000 expended before the first copy was printed.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

A Pamphlet of specimen pages, illustrations, [illegible] free by the publishers.

Caution is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as photographic reprints of a comparatively [illegible] of Webster are being marketed [illegible] often by misrepresentation.

GET THE BEST, the International, which bears the imprint of G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., PUBLISHERS, SPRINGFIELD, Mass., U. S. A.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife; book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & BUSH, No. 163 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

THIS well known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty. ☞Ladies waited on at their residences.

JAMES H. GANT,
Proprietor

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. eb7-'90

THE OLD-FASHIONED CIRCUS.

O where is the old-fashioned single-ringed circus
That when we were children delighted us so?
The joyous excitement in which it would work us,
Is gone from the present-day everything show.

How cozy the round, little tent that confined us;
How near was the ring where we sat all around
On seats of rough boards with folks' feet just behind us
To lean our backs onto with comfort profound.

Yes, then we could *see* the clown's funny grimaces,
And laugh at his jokes—for he *talked* in those days—
And pick out our friends in the circle of faces,
And join in the roars that together we'd raise.

One thing at a time and that leisurely acted
Increased—not diminished—the pleasure we took;
Not twenty at once our attention distracted
And gave us a headache all over to look.

No side-show attractions defrauded us ever;
We saw *all* there was for the quarter it cost,
And, satisfied wholly, went homeward with never
A thought that one thing was unseen or was lost.

No subsequent "plays" and no humbugging "races,"
Belittled and hurried the circus we knew;
Those things may be good in their own proper places,
And so are "wax figgers" and animals, too.

Alas! We're afraid that the old-fashioned circus
Has gone with the minstrels to never return,
And no combinations at present can work us
Into that excitement for which we must yearn.
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

WATCH FOR A CHANCE.

And When It Comes Make Good Use of It.

An Illustration of a Lost Opportunity as Related by a Successful Man—How a Famous New York Lawyer Got His Start.

Not long ago four old friends sat down to a little dinner together in New York. One of them was a famous lawyer. They naturally fell to talking over old times, and, as men of fifty are rather apt to do, whether rightly or not, they agreed that young men nowadays are not what they used to be.

"I have had a striking illustration of that fact to-day," said the lawyer, with a shrug of impatience. "A young fellow has had a desk in my office for perhaps six months. He seemed bright, and came to me with a recommendation from a man in whom I have confidence. He said that if I would only give him a chance, that was all he wanted. He was willing to 'do anything,' and all that sort of talk. Well, nothing but routine work has happened to come in to be thrown into that boy's way, until about a week ago, when I was short for time to look up some points about an important case which is taking up most of our attention at the office just now. 'Here,' thought I, 'is the chance for our young friend. Let's see if there is any stuff in him.' I sat down by him and explained that I should like him to hunt up all the evidence he could find bearing on this subject. After having made the thing as plain as the nose on a man's face, I added: 'Now, if you want to know anything further about this matter, come right to me. There is no immediate hurry,' I said, as I turned away; 'but inside of a week we shall want everything connected with this point of the case put into perfect order.' He said: 'All right, sir,' and I dropped the whole affair off my mind, for I have been completely absorbed in an entirely different part of the same case. To-day it occurred to me that I hadn't heard anything from him, and that by to-morrow or next day the papers ought to be in hand. I went around and asked him how he was getting on. He told me, with considerable hesitation, that he had been meaning to come and tell me that—he—'hadn't exactly—understood,' and so forth. 'Then why didn't you come to me, as I told you to do?' I asked him, pretty shortly. He stammered out a lot more about its being a big job for a little fellow of his inexperience; and then I fairly roared: 'I was trying to give you some experience!' Then I got away as fast as I could. I was afraid that I should say something that I should be sorry for. But that young man is done for as far as I am concerned. I shall get rid of him as soon as I possibly can. What a chance he had! Just such a chance as I had at his age—only I seized it. I knew it was a chance. This fellow acted as though he didn't know a chance when he saw it."

"How was it that you got your start?" asked one of the party. "I don't believe you ever told us."

"Oh, it isn't much of a story," said the great lawyer, modestly; "but it meant a good deal to me just the same. I was fixed something as this boy is—the one I have been telling you about—in the office of a law firm who were doing a big business. I had had a clerk's work for about six months, and was beginning to think that I never should get a chance to do anything else, though I had seized every opportunity that I could make or find to tell the head men of the firm that I was ready to try my hand at anything they had a mind to give me. Summer-time came around, and things were as dull as dull. The rest were all going off on their vacations, and at last my turn came. I packed my trunk early in the morning, and had written my friends to expect me by the first train that left that city after office hours that night. I felt pretty blue when I wrote, too. I knew they would ask me how I was getting on, and I wasn't getting on at all. I had made up my mind that I had been a fool to think I ever should be able to do any law business anyway. I thought, with some show of reason, that if I really had any stuff in me some of these smart men at the office would have found it out by this time and would have given me something to do. Well, noon passed, and it ran along to three o'clock. It was a hot day, and I was beginning to think that it was time I was clearing my desk, when I saw the head of the firm coming toward my desk. My heart began to beat. I felt somehow as though something was going to happen. 'See here,' he began, calling me by name. 'Here's something which ought to be done right away. The case itself isn't a hard one, but it is coming on in two or three weeks, and I can't see to it myself. You have mentioned that you would like any business which we could turn over to you. You can have this, if you like, and we'll see what sort of a brief you can get up.' He went on to explain matters a little, and then left me. My young friend down at the office would probably have said that he was very sorry, but he could not take the job, as his trunk was all packed and he didn't wish to undertake any work until after the vacation, but such an idea never entered my mind. I rushed to the telegraph office, sent word to my friends that I was unexpectedly detained, worked at my case all that evening and was up bright and early in the morning to go at it again. It seemed to grow hotter and hotter, but I paid no attention to the weather. I had made a memorandum of the original statement so that I didn't need to go to him again. In ten days—and I never worked harder—my brief was ready. My legs shook when I went to the front office and laid it before my employer. All of that night I worried for fear I had forgotten something; but I couldn't think of anything to be done any better than I had done it. The next morning—I believe it was the happiest moment of my life—the old man came to me and told me my brief was all right; and I never had any lack of work from that time on."

Another of the group, whose name is as well known as perhaps any other in connection with the colossal commerce of New York, remarked at this point: "You are right about the importance of recognizing the chance when it comes. There is everything in it. It is a pity that boys can't understand it. Now, my own experience was something like yours. I was keeping books in the old store of —— & ——, when I one day heard the head of the firm say to one of the partners that he wished he knew of somebody who could write some circulars and advertisements for them. 'It ought to be some one who knows our business well,' he said, 'and yet he ought to know how to express himself better than most business men have been trained to.' He went on more at length to explain what he wanted, but the others did not seem to know of anybody who could fill the bill. I went home that night thinking all the way about those advertisements. I had some knack at writing myself, but I was naturally pretty bashful, and I didn't dare to say right out that I thought I could write anything so important as Mr. —— seemed to think this new work to be. But the next morning I screwed my courage up, and told him that I had had a fair education and would like to try my hand at those advertisements which I had heard him asking about the day before. He was a little surprised at first, but he told me fully what he wanted, and I wrote the things—wrote them over and over and almost wore out a dictionary and a thesaurus over it—and they turned out to be just what were wanted. I believe that I might have been keeping books to-day in some little back office at fifty dollars a month if I hadn't caught at that chance. A man has got to be faithful and honest and ready in order to get taken into a firm on his merits—that goes without saying. But I don't believe that I should ever have become a partner in that house, as I did a year after that time (and that was the beginning of my success), if I hadn't seen my chance and had the courage, in the face of inexperience and a knowledge that I had no special ground for expecting favors, to snap at it."

These sentiments were warmly indorsed by every man who was present. —Christian Union.

OFFICEHOLDERS IN AMERICA.

More Than One Hundred Thousand Federal Employes on the Rolls—Great Variety.

The absorption of duties by the United States has burdened the country with the army of officeholders that still gives an undue influence to the party of the administration, and that compelled the adoption of the reformed civil service as a measure defensive of the right of the people to choose their own legislative and executive officers, uninfluenced by the government. In Washington's time the officeholders of the federal government numbered six thousand, while now the government employs an army of more than one hundred thousand. This enormous force of officeholders includes constitutional and statutory officers, engineers, lawyers, physicians, statisticians, geologists, meteorologists, hydrographers, metallurgists, astronomers, makers of charts and maps, school-teachers, railroad experts, skilled detectives, agriculturists, entomologists, botanists, chemists, microscopists, gardeners, tradesmen, merchants, experts in textiles, china, glass and the thousand articles imported from foreign countries and subject to a tariff tax; clerks of various grades and degrees of skill, from accountants to copyists; expert machinists and mechanics, messengers and a host of laborers.

It is not pretended by Harper's Magazine that the employment of all these persons, adepts or otherwise, is necessarily incongruous. There are functions properly within the jurisdiction of the federal government that demand the labors of men of science and men who are skilled in the secrets of commerce and manufactures. But if the government had been confined to its original purpose, if it had not gone afield in strange pursuits, seeking vainly after what can be best attained through the intelligent efforts of colleges, universities and scientific associations, the corps of learned, artistic and mechanical public functionaries would not be one-half its present size.

FAMILY HEIRLOOMS.

How Jewelers Supply Them to Their Customers.

Almost any jeweler can supply one with a set of family jewels, says a writer in a London fashion weekly. Like old furniture, they are often made to order. Sometimes a jeweler is visited by a customer who wants a pretty little story suitable for telling to her numerous friends and acquaintances. The jeweler is equal to the task. The lady receives the story, in the course of a few days memorizes it, and when next the family jewels are brought out to be shown repeats it in an off-hand sort of way as if it were impromptu.

Even in this democratic age it sometimes pays to pretend that one's ancestors were great. I was shown an imitation set of old jewels the other day which a connoisseur might have mistaken. Compared with the original the deception seemed perfect.

A TWISTED TALE.

Once on a time—this tale is true—
There lived an individual who
Believed his intellect held more
Than other men's did ten times o'er.
He had most everything down pat,
Enlightened folks on this and that,
And "pointers" gave to great and small,
This man who used to know it all.

He told the farmers how to till
Their fields, their bins to overfill;
He told the merchants how to sell
Their goods that they their gains might swell;
He told the writers what to write
If they the people would delight;
Prosperity to them would fall
Who heeded him who knew it all.

Much of his precious time was spent
In howling at the government,
And Providence he'd often rake
For making some great big mistake.
There wasn't anything but what
He thought he knew it to a dot,
And wisdom waited at the call
Of him who used to know it all.

But strange as it may seem to you—
'Tis no more strange than it is true—
This man ne'er did a single deed
To prove to other folks that he'd
The brains whereby he could invent
A plan to make a single cent.
Good luck it seemed would not befall
This man who used to know it all.

One day he saw—this knowing fool—
A farmer try to lead a mule.
The mule was stubborn-like and slow,
And finally refused to go.
And as the farmer pulled and swore
The mule hung backward all the more.
"It won't do any good to maul
The brute," said he who knew it all.

"But I've a little plan, you bet!
To make that mule get up and get!
I'll neither beat, nor flog, nor maul
The beast. I'll simply twist his tail!"
The farmer said: "It will not do."
The wise man said he guessed he knew.
Biff! Bang!! The funeral was small
Of him who used to know it all.

There may not be a moral here,
But yet this thought is pretty clear,
We're very, very, VERY wise.
But yet some day to our surprise
We may bump up against a *fact*,
And get our dome of wisdom cracked.

'Twere well to now and then recall
The tale of him who knew it all.
—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Times.

OVER THE WIRE.

Familiar Telegraph Talk As It Looks in Type.

Many Abbreviations and What They Mean—How an Operator Judges of a Fellow Laborer's Temperament and Sentiments—Some Short Stories.

There are pairs of men who have been in daily communication with each other over the same telegraph wire for years, and who have never seen each other. Each is well acquainted with the other's temperament, his moods, his disposition, and his sentiments. Telegraph instruments and telegraph wires are unfeeling and stolid-looking things. Yet, through them a man is able to convey emotions of sorrow or joy almost as plainly as they may be expressed facially. The fact is perfectly palpable to the man at one end of the wire, while he is receiving dispatches, that the man who is sending them is ill or well, or—though the sender may make use of no terms of friendliness or of swear words—that he is in good temper or bad.

In their conversation telegraphers use a system of abbreviations which enables them to say considerable more in a certain period of time than they otherwise could. It is not quite as compact as the Phillips code, but answers their requirements very well. Their morning greeting to a friend in a distant city is usually "g. m.," and the farewell in the evening "g. n.," the letters of course standing for good morning and good night. The salutation may be accompanied by an inquiry by one as to the health of the other, which would be expressed thus: "Hw r u ts mng?" And the answer would be: "Im pty wl; hw r u?" or "I'm nt ffg vy wl; fra'd I've gt t malaria."

By the time these courtesies have taken place some early messages have come from the receiving department or from some other wire, and the man before whom they are placed says: "Wl, hrs a fu; gol darn ts everlastin grind. I wish I ws rich." And the other man says: "No rest for wicked, min pen," the last words indicating that he wants the sender to wait a minute while he adjusts and tests his pen. Presently he clicks out "g. a.," meaning "Go ahead," and the days work has begun.

Operators laugh over the wire, or rather they convey the fact that they are amused. They do this by telegraphing "ha! ha!" Very great amusement is indicated by sending "ha" slowly and repeating it several times, and a smile is expressed by sending "ha" once or perhaps twice. Transmitting it slowly and repeating it tells the perpetrator of the joke at the other end of the wire that the listener is leaning back in his chair and laughing long and heartily.

When the feeling between two operators in two cities, instead of being that of gentle affection, is that of strong dislike, the fact can be made just as apparent as though they were within a few feet of each other. No personal collision can occur, of course. This is one of the drawbacks. But a man can call names and make threats over a wire with almost the same facility as by word of mouth. One of the favorite resorts when two operators are quarreling is that known as "fighting circuit." Not much is accomplished by this, however, for when two operators strive at the same time to call names over a wire neither can succeed.

Telegraphers have an old story about "fighting circuit." James Austin, who is located on Newspaper row, who is a Canadian by birth, brought the story to this city, one of the operators in the story being located at Toronto and the other at Buffalo. After a successful exchange of uncomplimentary remarks, they began to fight for the circuit—that is, they both tried to send epithets over the wire at once. They fought for some time. Neither would yield. The man at Toronto, who was old and astute, saw that the man at Buffalo was young and stubborn and was in for an all-night struggle. The Toronto man looked around for a proxy. He found it in the clock wire, which was a wire attached to the clock's pendulum, the swaying of which acted to open and close the circuit. He connected the Buffalo wire with the clock wire and went home to bed, leaving the Buffalo man valorously battling with the tick-tick-tick-tick of the clock. The story concludes with the veracious statement that when the Toronto man reached the office the next morning he heard the Buffalo man still fighting the clock, and that when the former disconnected the clock wire and closed the circuit the latter snapped out triumphantly: "I downed you at last, did I?"

"Fighting circuit" is probably the most annoying occupation there is. The very impotency, the very futility of it is maddening. Here is a man who has offered a grievous insult. Yet the insultee cannot get at the insulter to kick him. They may be separated by thousands of miles. The practice of calling hard names is not infrequent, possibly, for that reason. "Fighting circuit" has several times driven men to the verge of frenzy. There is on record in the archives of the Western Union office in New York the tale of an excitable operator who, after a long and unsuccessful struggle to say something mean to a man in Albany whom he hated, and who at the same time was trying to say something mean to him, suddenly arose from his chair and darted from the operating-room in New York city and ran down the stairs into the street.

There he gazed wildly around, looking for some object on which to vent his anger. Near him a peaceable, mild-looking gentleman was having his boots polished. The unhappy operator rushed at him, struck him in the face, and shouted: "Blank, blank you, you're always getting your boots blacked." But that was in the old days.

Not always, however, have differences arising over a wire been without a bloodless termination. It has been the case on a number of occasions that the insultee has boarded a train for the town of the insulter, and upon the insulter being pointed out to him the two have come together in an affray. But such instances are exceptions. Even though a man may board a train full of thought of vengeance it is likely to ooze out after a few hours' ride, and the visit, instead of being sanguinary, may be one of harmonious peace and good feeling. It may be stated positively that no quarrel begun over a telegraph wire has ever resulted fatally.

They tell a good story up at the big Western Union office on Fifteenth street. One of the night men was sending press to Richmond. The operator at the latter place said:

"What's the matter? You come so heavy I can't adjust enough."

"Is that *so*?" responded the operator at the Washington end. "Wait a second."

Then came a pause.

"How's that?" asked the Washington man.

"That's splendid," replied the Richmond operator. "What did you do?"

"I took off my cuffs," came back the reply from the Washington man, and even the relay and sounder exchanged smiles.—Washington Star.

CONCERNING DIAMONDS.

Their Sales Are Increasing with Wonderful Rapidity.

A diamond expert in London thus discourses on the product and distribution of diamonds: "The Americans are the finest judges of diamonds in the world, and insist upon having the finest stones and the most perfect cutting. It is estimated that they will take fifteen million dollars' worth this year. India furnishes a market for large numbers of white stones, as well as for yellow or colored diamonds, or stones with flaws or specks in them. The natives invest their savings in them and in other precious gems as we do in stocks and shares. Russia's fancy is for large yellow diamonds. China is becoming a buyer, for very recently the empress has broken through the old custom which prohibited women from wearing diamonds in her country. She could not resist the beauty of a superb diamond necklet presented to her. She wore it at court and set the fashion. Japan is also rapidly becoming a considerable customer. With the opening up of the world by railway and steamship communication the demand for diamonds has increased marvelously. The world now purchases about twenty-five million dollars' worth per annum. Twenty years ago it was about two hundred thousand dollars."

MAKING THE BENCH.

A Carpenter Who Made His Way to a Judgeship.

A good story is told of a United States senator who began life as a carpenter, says the Youth's Companion.

"I will not always be a carpenter," he used to declare, for it seems he had set his heart upon sometime entering the legal profession. He did not slight his carpenter's work for his day-dreams of what he should do and become, but was noted for his honest, conscientious labor.

One day the young man was planing a board that was to become a part of a "judge's bench," when a friend, observing his painstaking, inquired:

"Why do you take such pains to smooth that board?"

Instantly the young carpenter replied: "Because I want a smooth seat when I come to sit on it."

His friend laughed, and thought the joke so good that he reported it in the shop, and the young man was bantered not a little about the "judge's bench." He always replied, good-naturedly:

"Wait and see. He laughs who wins, and I may sit there yet."

And he did; but the distance between the carpenter's and the judge's bench was paved with heroic struggles and self-sacrifice.

When Snake-Poison Is Harmless.

Nature seems to have provided that no poison which acts externally shall have any effect internally, and vice versa. Thus the most deadly snake venom can be swallowed with impunity, the juice of the stomach presumably decomposing it and rendering it harmless. Many experiments, says the Washington Post, have been made to prove this. On one occasion recorded by Humboldt one person swallowed the whole of the poison that could be obtained from four Italian vipers without suffering any bad consequences. In the same way the poison from the envenomed arrows of South American Indians can be swallowed with safety, provided only that there is no wound on the lips or inside of the mouth.

—An Englishman at a hotel in New York asked if there were any oysters in the hotel. "Oh, yes!" was the answer. "Step right into the restaurant. We don't keep them in the office." "I think you misunderstood me," said Mr. John Bull, "you know, I mean a 'oister, don't you know, a lift—a hellevator, maybe you call it in this country."

MISS PRISCILLA PRUE.

Little Miss Priscilla Prue,
With her eyes of clearest blue,
And her cheeks of rosy hue,
Lived in Boston, long ago;
And the village people said
That this charming little maid
Was enough to turn one's head
For she smiled and dimpled so.

Miss Priscilla's yellow gown
Was the wonder of the town,
Where the leading shade was brown,
In the somber long ago;
Ah, her dainty, tripping feet,
With their high-heeled boots petite,
Made the dullest hearts to beat,
Tho' they chid her dancing so.

Young and old alike she swayed,
This alluring little maid,
Though she was not prim and staid
Like the folk of long ago;
Every youth from far and wide
Longed to win her for his bride,
But Priscilla only sighed
And demurely answered: "No."

But at last there came a day
When her heart was charmed away,
When she could not answer nay
To a soldier, long ago;
So her brave eyes, clear and blue,
And her red lips, sweet and true,
Answered him who came to sue:
"Yes, because I love you so."
—Boston Budget.

AN OVERHEARD THREAT.

A Terrible Scandal, and What Came of It.

"I'll kill him if he comes here again!" said Mrs. Deacon Hayes, in a determined tone; and one of her neighbors—Mr. Gates Walker—coming into her house to borrow a hand saw of the deacon, heard what she said.

Mr. Walker was a male gossip; for there are men, as well as women, who indulge in that species of recreation.

Mr. Walker pricked up his ears and listened intently—so very intently that he forgot all about the saw and went home without asking for it.

Now, at the time she made the little speech which heads this sketch, Mrs. Hayes was in the woodshed, entirely alone, and Mr. Walker was in the kitchen and heard what she said through the open door.

He had not the most remote idea whom she intended to kill, but he went home and laid his news before his wife. She was astounded, though she had always thought "that Mrs. Hayes wasn't no better than she orter be; for she put sugar in her tea every day and wore white stockings common, and kept two lamps a-burning to once in one room, and a ixtravagant woman was generally a bad woman."

Mrs. Walker put on her bonnet and called on Aunt Ellen Splicer. Miss Splicer was very sharp-nosed, and quite as keen after a scandal as a terrier after a rat. A thing was buried pretty deep when Miss Splicer failed to unearth it. Miss Splicer put on a clean apron and stroked the cat. The putting on of a clean apron by Miss Splicer was much the same as a judge upon the bench putting on the black cap.

"Did you ever hear that Mrs. Hayes had got a husband living?" asked Miss Splicer, sinking her voice to that low, confidential tone we all know so well.

"Why, sartin!" said Mrs. Walker. "The deacon's living, hain't he?"

"I don't mean the deacon. I mean another husband."

"Good laws! what, besides the deacon?"

"Yes, besides the deacon!"

"Why, Miss Splicer! how you talk! You take my breath away! Dear me! I feel faint! Two husbands! Wall, wall, what is this world a-coming to?"

"Death and destruction!" said Miss Splicer, with solemnity.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Walker.

"Yes," said Miss Splicer, "when the world is full of the wicked in sheep's clothing a-going about seeking whom they may devour, then comes destruction. Mrs. Walker, did you ever think what that passage, 'in sheep's clothing' meant?"

"I allurs thought," said Mrs. Walker, meekly, "that it meant to be dressed in woolen gowns, and woolen coats and trousers."

"No!" said Miss Splicer, "it means just such things as having two husbands, and pretending not to have but one."

"Sho!" said Mrs. Walker.

"Now I tell you what I know, but don't you mention it to a living soul!"

"No!" said Mrs. Walker; "I'd be flayed alive, and burned at a stake first! Hope to drop dead if I wouldn't!"

"Well, in her young days Mrs. Hayes used to be sparked by Sam Jenkins. They engaged—some people said married. She sent him off and took Deacon Hayes! The deacon was rich. Sam was poor. Sam went west, and six months ago he came back. He's been seen twice, lurking around Deacon Hayes' house!"

"Good heavens!"

"And now, it's just my opinion he's after money! Blackmail!"

"Blackmail! What, the post office?" cried Mrs. Walker.

"No, no; he's a threatening to tell that she was his wife before she was the deacon's, ixpecting she'll pay him to keep still. The papers are full of such things. And she's determined to kill him if he comes there again. Don't you see?"

Mrs. Walker thought she did, and then Miss Splicer went out with her to call on Capt. Digby's wife, and see what she thought.

Mrs. Digby was having a tea-party, and the thing was discussed at great length.

All the women agreed that it was a dreadful, dreadful affair, and someting ought to be done. Capt. Digby was called into the council, and the captain scratched his bald pate, and suggested that they tell Parson Trotter.

So the parson was informed, but, being a very judicious Trotter, he declined to interfere.

The story grew and spread until its proportions were enormous. Deacon Hayes' house was watched night and day, and Mrs. Hayes, when she went out in the village, was very much puzzled at the way in which all her friends and acquaintances avoided her. Even Parson Trotter crossed to the other side of the street when he saw her coming.

The good lady spoke to her husband about it, but the deacon only pooh-poohed! It was all nonsense, he said, on her part—she only imagined it.

One day those who were watching the deacon's house saw Sam Jenkins going toward it with a basket in his hand.

The tidings flew—the man was going to his doom! He must be saved!

Mrs. Walker and Miss Splicer, and a half dozen other women, accompanied by their husbands, and Parson Trotter, hurried to the deacon's.

The deacon's wife and Sam Jenkins were sitting before the fire, for it was early in the spring, eating walnuts and apples.

"It's too late! she's pizened him in them apples!" shrieked Miss Walker.

"Miserable woman," said Miss Splicer, "what have you done?"

"Done?" said Mrs. Hayes, wiping her spectacles, in a dazed sort of way—"done? I guess I don't understand you, Miss Splicer."

"What's the row?" said the deacon, coming in just then.

"You wife said she'd kill him if he came here again!" said Mrs. Walker.

"Kill who?" cried the deacon.

"Her first husband!" exclaimed Miss Splicer.

"First husband!" said the deacon. "I guess you've got me there, Miss Splicer. If I ain't my wife's first husband, then I'm beat!"

"Ask Sam Jenkins about it!" said Miss Splicer, maliciously.

"How in thunder should I know?" cried Sam.

"And she wouldn't pay you the money for the mail," said Mrs. Walker; "and she's gwine to kill you instid! My husband heard her say so! Didn't you, Gates?"

"Yes," said Mr. Walker.

"Now look here," said the deacon; "I want to know what all this tomfoolery means? And the sooner the better. Gates Walker, if you've heard anything tell what you know!"

"I heerd your wife say she'd kill him if he come here again, and I telled my wife, and she telled Miss Splicer, and she sed as how your wife meant her first husband—which was Mr. Jenkins—which had come back to git money out of her for keeping the secret. And he'd come here twice to see about it."

"Polly Ann!" said the deacon to his wife, "did you say what Walker says you did?"

"About Sam Jenkins? Why, no, deacon! Sam Jenkins hain't nothin' to me!"

"A week ago last Tuesday morning," said Miss Splicer, solemnly, "did you not say out in your woodshed, while Mr. Walker was in the kitchen to borrow a handsaw, that you'd kill him if he ever come to your house again?"

"Lawful massy sake!" cried Mrs. Hayes, lifting both her hands. "I guess I did, and I'll do it, too!" with determination.

"Who are you goin' to kill, Sister Hayes?" asked Parson Trotter.

"Silas Whiffle's yaller tomcat!" said Mrs. Hayes. "He's plagued my life out all winter; and that particular morning that Mr. Walker speaks of, he got into the woodshed and lapped the insides out of two custard pies that I'd set out there to cool—consarn him!"

"My friends," said Parson Trotter, "our business seems to be done. Let us be agoing."

"Not till I know what Sam Jenkins is prowling around here after," said Miss Splicer, angrily.

"I was after a dozen of eggs to set a speckled hen, ma'am; but the deacon's hens are on a strike and I've had to come three times! Mrs. Hayes has just informed me that the last egg of the dozen was laid yesterday."

The busybodies departed, a little crestfallen, but still keen after another scandal.

Does this sketch point any moral?

Do any of my readers know a Miss Splicer and a Mrs. Walker? If not, then they must all live in very delightful communities.—Ohio Farmer.

THE WOMAN OF GRIT.

She It Is Who Makes a Success of Any Undertaking.

Without grit and sticktoitiveness no woman will ever succeed. She may have the talent of a second Raphael or she may have rare inventive genius, faculties of the highest order rare as they are precious, yet without genuine grit and a determination to stick to her chosen work at all hazards, sick or well, warm weather or cold, she might just as well be as mediocre as the multitude, for she will never do one whit better than the woman who is not endowed with one-half her talent.

Of course it is hard, for, say what you will, women are not made for work—they are more easily tired than men, says the Philadelphia Times. Their sensitive natures feel the slights that come from contact with the world which a man can cast behind his back if he observes them, and it is one chance in a hundred if he would even notice at all what has made a deep and lasting impression on the tender heart of the weaker member struggling in the tossing surf of life's great sea.

When a woman determines on her line of action she must learn to bear what would seem absolutely barbarous in the shelter of her own home, surrounded by friends who have only words of praise for her efforts. She must expect rebuffs and still stick to it. Be not discouraged. If there is anything in her it will rise to the top and she will be all the stronger for the struggle, but she must stick. Day in and day out must see no let up in her energies. She must be ever in the thick of the fight, and unless she goes forth prepared to stand by her colors the host of wagearners will sweep over her prostrate form and she will be forgotten in the great struggle for existence. Stubborn, plain, unalterable grit will place a woman in the first ranks, where genius, without this much cruder quality, could never hope to stand.

Bandits in Corsica.

It seems that in Corsica you secure your personal safety by keeping a bandit. In an article in the National Review Basil Thompson explains that the tax of supporting a bandit is not without its compensations. Bandits are a hidden power in the country. They control the petty elections; they menace those who are hostile to their friends. Thus, while the existence of six hundred of them is a real danger to public security, it is no small advantage to a Corsican to be related to a bandit. You support, you pay, protect the bandit; and in return he places his gun at your disposal. It is an exchange of services. "He has a bandit in the service" is a common expression. Are you in debt? The bandit will gain you time. Are you disputing the ownership of property? The bandit will show your opponent he is wrong. Have you land on which shepherds trespass? He will keep them off.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

Democratic National Ticket.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND, New York.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI STEVENSON, Illinois.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.
Samuel G. Thompson,
Adam S. Conway,
W. Redwood Wright,
John O. James,
James Duffey,
S. W. Trimmer,
Azur Lathrop,
Thomas Chalfant,
P. H. Strubinger,
Joseph D. Orr,
Andrew A. Payton,
Michael Liebel,
J. K. P. Hall.
Clement R. Wainright
Charles H. Lafferty,
George R. Guss,
William Molan,
Charles D. Breck,
Samuel S. Leiby,
F. C. Hipple,
W. D. Hummelright,
H. B. Piper,
Charles A. Fagan,
John D. Braden,
Thomas McDowell,

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress.
L. D. WOODRUFF.
For Senate.
GEORGE W. RHINE.
For Assembly.
S. W. ALLEN.
JAMES J. THOMAS.
For Prothonotary.
J. C. DARBY.
For Register and Recorder.
D. A. McGOUGH.
For District Attorney.
F. J. O'CONNOR.
For Poorhouse Director.
RAPHAEL HITE.
For Surveyor.
H. SCANLAN.
For Coroner.
Dr. GEORGE MARTIN.

GEN. JOHN POPE died of nervous prostration at the Soldiers' Home in Sandusky on last Friday night.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance was given out on Monday and is a paper worthy of our next President.

DISPATCHES from New York say that the cholera scare there is virtually over and that trade has again resumed its former stability. In certain lines the volume of business is reported greater than ever.

McKINLEY admits that "there can be no permanently successful place in America for a party which appeals to passion and prejudice and ignorance." That is so. The calm judgment of the country has revolted against the passion of the Force bill, as the unprejudiced and enlightened sense of New England Republicanism has revolted against the barbaric ignorance of the McKinley tariff.

WHY should the Government by the use or abuse of its taxing power attempt to build up industries where private enterprise and private capital are not willing to accept the risk? Why should the whole people be unnecessarily taxed for half of their lives and compelled to pay extravagant prices for certain nanufactured articles in order to get them somewhat cheaper during the other half of their lives?—David B. Hill.

GOVERNOR PATTISON has removed Thomas W. Price, inspector of the Eastern penitentiary, and appointed Justice Strawbridge in his place. The removal is the outcome of a fight between Mr. Price and the other inspectors, who met and deposed him as treasurer of the board. He insisted on holding the office and pressure was brought to bear on the governor, resulting in his removal. Price's commission would have expired next year.

THE Temescal tin mines in San Barnadina county, California, have closed down on account of being unprofitable, the limited amount of ore taken out not paying for working them and thus the supply of "tin, tin, American tin" is cut off. After taxing the people of the United States about $16,000,000 a year to start up the infant tin industry it must be a rude shock to the organs of the g. o. p. to see the infant climb the golden stairs before the election.

AMONG the novelties promised for the World's fair is a statue of Justice, eight feet high, made of $50,000 worth of silver, and standing on a gold pedestal of an estimated value of $250,000: This statue it is affirmed, is to be one of Montana's exhibits; and the equally poised scales of the blind goddess are to be filled on either side with gold and silver coin. This promises to be a neat and pleasing conceit, especially as Miss Ada Rehen, the actress, is to be the model for the statue.

THE New York *Sun* says: The Presidential election falls this year on November 8. The electors chosen in the several states are to meet on Monday, January 9, to declare the result in each. It will be transmitted to Washington by a special messenger in each case, and announced by Congress on the second Wednesday in February. The House of Representatives canvasses the electoral vote for President and the United States Senate canvasses the electoral vote for Vice President.

WHEN J. D. Hicks was nominated for Congress, says the Johnstown *Democrat*, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company sent a special train, which it had held for hours, to Harrisburg to get the nomination papers filed in time to secure him a place on the official ballot. Will the honest, hardworking voters of this district take notice of this fact? Why did this great corporation take so much interest in Mr. Hicks? No special train would have been sent to carry the nomination papers of L. D. Woodruff, the Democratic candidate. And why? Because the corporations can count on the vote of J. D. Hicks—L. D. Woodruff will represent the people.

THE slump in Vermont and Maine, says the Philadelphia *Record*, was very damaging to Republican prospects, but the blow dealt by Senator Hill in his Brooklyn speech is a deadlier thrust. It hurts. The State of New York is confessedly the Presidential battle-ground. From the time when Cleveland and Stevenson were nominated at Chicago until the Brooklyn speech was delivered the hope that Senator Hill and his friends would sulk in their tents or take a position of open hostility to the candidates of their party had been the backbone of Republican reliance. The speech removes all doubt of disloyalty to the Democratic ticket or the Democratic platform, and justifies the prophecy of Governor Flower that New York will give Cleveland 50,000 majority.

The *Record* is fain to congratulate Senator Hill, as well as the Democracy of the whole country, on this welcome turn of affairs. It had expected no less a thing at the hands of a Democrat upon whom his party has laid annointing hands, and from whom it has a right to demand unquestioning faithfulness.

With New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut secure; with Massachusetts, Illinois, Wisconsin, New Hampshire and other Republican States wavering on the edge of revolt, Michigan divided, and even Kansas in doubt, the skies begin to look very bright for Democracy.

THE Republican county ticket is composed of excellent business men and they are all for protection to the American farmer.—*Ebensburg Herald.*

When our Chinese laundryman, Jim Bruce, was about getting married, he and his blushing intended bride appeared before the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the purpose of getting a license and in answering the necessary questions, Jim learned for the first time that his intended bride had been married and divorced. Jim afterward remarked that it was a "good gloak (joke) on him."

Now our neighbor the *Herald* must intend the above as a good "gloak" on the farmer. Of all people in this country the farmer is the one that gets no possible benefit from protection, unless it be the protection that the spider gives the fly. He is compelled to pay more for everything he buys and when it comes to sell, foreign markets fixes the prices of all his products. Even James G. Blaine said of the McKinley tariff "that it would not open the market for a barrel of pork or a bushel of wheat.

Our farmers have been plucked about long enough for the benefit of monopolies and trusts, but still Republican papers like the *Herald* imagine they can shut up their eyes once more.

FROM Senator Hills speech at Buffalo: "All that America needs is a free field and a fair fight in the race of life, and she will prove invincible in nearly every department of human activity. "The great masses of the laboring people of the country have nothing but their labor to sell and labor is on the free list. Their real interest lies in securing wages and purchasing that which they buy at the cheapest prices possible, and hence any kind of a tariff is a burden and not a benefit to them. The farmer receives no benefit from this protective system, because. from the natural condition of things, he must sell his principal production in the great European markets, where prices are fixed for the world, while he must buy his supplies in this country, where everything is taxed to benefit some other occupation. In other words, he sells in a free trade market and buys in a protected one, and gets the worst of the bargain in both instances"

MANY requests are being made at the State Department at Harrisburg, for copies of the revised form of the official ballot and the specimen ballot to be used under the operations of the Baker ballot reform law. An idea evidently prevails among many persons who have not seen the revised form of ballot that stickers can be used on the ballot to paste over any name printed thereon. This is wrong. None of the officially printed names can be erased, crossed out or pasted over.

Stickers may be used, but they can be legally placed only in the blank spaces in the fourth column of the ballot left for that purpose, and not over another name. In these blank spaces the voter may insert any name he pleases, either by means of a sticker, by writing, or by stamping.

THE Johnstown *Tribune*, of Tuesday came out with a statement that there would be three names on the Democratic ticket at the coming election for the office of Assembly, Ed. T. McNeelis, James J. Thomas and Slater W. Allen. Readers of the *Tribune*, however, have long since learned that the *Tribune's* statements about Democratic candidates are not to be relied upon and very few people took any stock in the story. The card of Hon. Ed. T. McNeelis in our local columns effectually disposes of the story and the *Tribune* of Wednesday acknowledges the announcement was made without its editor knowing what he was writing about but blames his want of knowledge on the State Department. It is but little moment who made the mistake as the story is only a fake.

ALL the Homestead strikers who took part in the riot of July 6 have been indicted by the grand jury for riot, and in three cases there were true bills for murder, two for aggregated assault and one for conspiracy. In all cases Hugh O'Donnell, Hugh Ross and John McLuckie are defendants. There were 167 persons indicted in all. Many of them are principals in two or more cases.

ADJUTANT GENERAL GREELAND has decided that it would be unwise to remove all the troops from Homestead at the present time. The Sixteenth Regiment will remain on duty as long as there is any danger to life or property.

Give Us Good Roads.

E. P. Powell, in the New England Magazine, has added his plea to the cry of those who are demanding good roads in all parts of our country. He says that American farmers have at present two great tasks before them—one to get rid of Asiatic invaders in the shape of weeds and insects, the other to get good roads. He is inclined to agree with the general verdict of foreigners that our railroad management is the best in the world, while our earth roads are the worst. "Our shame is that we are driving our horses in the Eighteenth century, while our steam engines run in the Nineteenth."

The present system of road management and of road working or ruining was never intended by the fathers to be anything more than a makeshift, he says. Farmers are losing heavily through their stubborn and mistaken stinginess in adhering to the wretched old system of road maintenance that was in vogue when men carried their grists to mill in a bag on horseback. In actual dollars and cents improved roads will add greatly to their productive capital. Their annual actual loss under the present system amounts to far more than the taxes for good roads would be. Upon a clay road a load for two horses is 1,400 pounds; upon a macadamized road it is 2,180 pounds.

The first step toward a good road of any kind is drainage, for that produces a solid bottom. To secure this the best engineers dig three ditches four feet deep along the highway—one under each side and another under the center.

These are connected by cross sections, all are stoned or tiled, and the water is carried into sewers or streams. Even the common dirt road, that bugbear and eyesore, may be vastly improved by this simple ditching. Farmers themselves know how to construct the ditches. Without these ditches underneath a highway the more gravel there is put into a mudhole the deeper the mud will be. The next step in common road improvement is to make the gravel covered driveway wide enough for at least two teams abreast, so there will be less wearing into ruts.

The best road of all, however, and the one which should be the ultimate aim everywhere, is either the telford or the macadam stone road. The macadam well laid will meet our needs.

Ate Bread And Applebutter.

PHŒNIXVILLE, Pa., Sept. 24.—There was an odd ceremony performed at Worcester, on the Perkiomen Creek, yesterday by the Schwenkfelders It was "applebutter Day," and members of the strange religious sect gathered from miles around to celebrate.

"Abblebutter Day," or the 23d day of September, is the anniversary of the landing of their ancestors on American shores. Instead of devouring roast turkey and pumkin pie, as do the New Englanders, in commemoration of the first harvest of the Pilgrims, the descendants of the early Dutch eat plain bread spread with applebutter. The forefathers of the Schwenkfelders had a hard and bitter struggle for existence after arriving in Penn's domain, and the sect to day recalls those hardships by a picnic at which they eat their frugal meal. Yesterday each farmer brought, besides his wife and children, a mug of applebutter and a big brown loaf of homemade bread. Shortly after noon these plain but industrious folk enjoyed with quiet grace their simple viands.

Ravages of Cholera.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27—The board of health in their 4 o'clock bulletin this afternoon say that there have been no cases of cholera in this city since September 19. There were 812 immigrants landed at Ellis island to-day from the steamships Rugia, Wyoming and Scandia. The business of registering the new arrivals showed the ravages the cholera had made in several families., Augusta Zimmerman landed with her 8-year old son. She lost three children during the voyage. Annie Zbiga landed from the Rugia with two children. When two days in port her husband was stricken with the plague, Petronella Steer had a three-year-old son. Her husband and two children died at sea Hans Housen, who is giong to Porte Amboy, N. J., lost his wife and three children on the Scandia. Caroline Cruger started with five children. She had only two when she landed. A fund has been started by Colonel Weber for the relief of the immigrants.

Cousins At War.

BRAZIL, Ind., Sept. 28.—A bloody affair which occurred a few miles south of here Monday evening has just come to light. John Shields and Ed. Wolderidge, cousins, had started for a neighbor's house near by, when a trivial dispute occurred. Almost with the rapidity of lightning Shields drew a large knife from his pocket and sank it into his cousin's body just below the right shoulder blade. The young man begged his assailant piteously not to kill him, but without avail, as Shields continued slashing right and left with the broken knife until he had almost cut his victim to pieces. Woldridge's screams for help attracted a farm hand who was walking near by. He hastened to the scene, and Shields fled, leaving his victim lying in a pool of blood. He was taken home by the farm hand, where he is lying almost dead, his recovery being impossible. Officers are searching high and low for Shields.

Beat Her Own Record.

TERRE HAUTE, September 28.—Six thousand people witnessed the record breaking events of to-days' races. Nancy Hanks was down to beat her regulation track record—2:07. At 4 o clock, after some preliminary slow jogs, she appeared with Budd Doble driving, accompadied by Frank Starr, behind the runner Abe Lincoln. The track received but little more attention than for the other races, beyond one extra scrape and dragging. The day was fair, not hot, and a light breeze stirred. Frank Walker gave the word and the mare started at full speed. The first quarter was :31, the runner galloping furiously behind her. Her gait was as steady as a steam piston. The half was reached in 1:02¾, the three quarter pole in 1:32¾ and the mile in 2:04 without a break or show of uneasiness or overdriving.

A Woman Kills Children.

BORDENTOWN, N. J. Sept. 27. —Lena Schmitt, a German woman of this place, this afternoon murdered three small children by choking them to death in her house at No. 4 Chestnut street this city. One of the victims was her own son and the other two were the little sons of William Bowker, a neighbor. The children's ages range from 1 to 3 years. The woman, who is believed to be insane, after killing the children, went to Marshal Jobes and told him that he would find three dead bodies in the house. She admitted she had killed the children, but said she could not tell why she did it. Marshal Jobes notified the police and she was locked up.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 24, 1892. Distinguished Democrats were in attendance upon the National encampment of the G. A. R. which closed to-day, both as participators and as outlookers, and there is reason to believe that it was largely their presence which prevented the Republican managers attempting to openly carry out the programme previously arranged to use the encampment in making a partison demonstration against Mr. Cleveland—secretly they did what they could by distributing a pamphlet attacking Mr. Cleveland and by talking against him. Among the prominent Democrats present who belong to the G. A. R. were Generals Rosecrans and Sickles, Col. Jones, Ex-Lieut. Gov. of New York; Senator Palmer, of Illinois, and Congressman Cheadle, of Indiana, Gov. Pattison, and Ex-Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, were also here, and it was apparent to all that the Pennslvania veterans are very proud of their brainy young Governor.

There were, of course, other things that interfered with the Republican programme. Mr. Harrison did not arrive here until Wednesday, and then the very serious condition of Mrs. Harrison, who came back with him, kept him almost constantly at her side; the death of a brother of Gov McKinley kept him away from the encampment, and Whitelaw Reid, probably thinking that if he made himself conspicuous at the encampment it might cause the Republication of some very bitter attacks published in his paper upon the pension system under its present management and do much more harm than his presence here could possibly do good, did not accept the invitation that was extended to him.

The encampment was unquestionably a great success, and the parade the biggest thing of the kind the country has ever seen, or probably ever will see. The day was perfect and there were more than 80,000 men in line exclusive of bands and drum corps, while the crowds that thronged every available foot of space between the Capitol and twenty-second street is variously estimated as having been anywhere between 400,000 and 500,000 people.

This immense crowd was well cared for by the Washington people, who were glad to show the country how well and how easily the city could care for a large crowd. There was no extortion, and, so far as known, with the exception of a few hundred old soldiers who brought their wives here under the impression that free board and lodging would be furnished them during the encampment, being misled, it is charged, by over thrifty railroad passenger agents anxious to sell as many tickets as possible, every visitor went home well pleased with their treatment at the National capital. The citizen's commitee did not promise to furnish food to anybody, but it did furnish free lodging to more than 55,000 men and free hospital service to all, and the old soldiers say that their treatment here was in every respect better than ever received anywhere else; and if the talk at home as they did here. the courtesy of Washingtonians to strangers will soon be known throughout the country, as it deserves to be.

One of the queerest things about the big parade was that a man who had only a few years ago occupied the White House for four years and drawn salary as President of the United States, could have marched on foot with a small Ohio post over the entire line of march without exciting any further remark or demonstration than an occasional "Hallo: there's" from some Washington or Ohio man, while Ben Butler, riding in a carriage, should be constantly raising his hat in response to cheers. Mr. Hayes is not a great man, but he is so much better than Ben Butler that his name should not be mentioned in the same paragraph.

The Republicans are becoming very much alarmed over the state of their end of the campaign, which is practically without a head since the dangerous turn in his wife's illness has taken all of Mr. Harrison's attention. From the beginning of his canvass for a second nomination Mr. Harrison has been in sole command, and as he has not designated anyone to take his place since he began to devote his time entirely to his sick wife, the machine is beginning to wobble dreadfully.

Mr. A. G. Porter, who resigned as minister to Italy by direction of his chief, for the purpose of managing the Republican campaign Indiana, is in Washington, presumably to receive his final orders. M.

What a Gallon of Whisky Did.

HARTFORD, MICH., Sept 25.—Five drunken lumbermen had a desperate fight near Covert yesterday, which resulted in the death of two of them. Morris Casselman, George Casselman, J. Vencame, C. Burton L. Strouble, having been paid off, chipped in and bought a gallon of whisky, which they took to work with them. Drink followed drink until all thought of labor had fled and the crowd became uproarious. During some rough skylarking one of the Casselman, became angered and struck at Burton. The row became general and blows fell thick and fast.

Suddenly George Casselman whipped out a revolver. With a savage yell the others grasped their axes and commenced a fierce and bloody battle. Morris Casselmans sprang forward in defense of his brother, but too late. The keen axe descended and buried itself in the flesh of George Casselman, who fell to the earth fatally wounded. Venamen succeeded in inflicting a slight wound upon his opponent, but was in turn cut down and lay dying on the ground. The sight of their terrible work sobered Burton and Strouble, who threw away their axes and fled. Morris Casselman, as soon as his wounds would allow him, made his way to the cabin of a lumberman and made known the details of the fight.

Boys Killed by a Storm.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—Something in the nature of a cyclone swept over the city of Brooklyn this afternoon, blowing down six houses, killing two boys and demolishing trees, fences, signs and everything in its path. Chimneys were blown down and one man seriously injured. Three small boys, Joseph Gould, 8 years old; Charles Brown, same age, and one other name unknown, were playing when the wind struck a house at Knickerbocker and Woodbine streets, blowing it over. The two boys were buried beneath the ruins. The unknown boy escaped severely injured.

The gale struck five two-story and basement frame dwellings at Corlenlius street and Wyckoff avenue and down they went in a heap of ruins. They had just been erected and were owned by William Burger, of Putnam avenue.

John Deremiah, employed on the building, sustained a fractered skull and broken leg. Frederick Larkin, a contractor, was struck by a falling tree and fatally injured.

MRS. HARRISON is now in Washington, and her condition about the same, with no hopes for her ultimate recovery.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Cracksmen blew open the safe in Hull & Mellon's store, Latrobe, Wednesday night, but secured no money or valuables.

—A well-known Parisian physician is authority for the statement that 40 people are annually prepared for burial while still alive.

—The deepest bore-hole in the world is at Schladebach, near Kethau, Germany. It is 5,735 feet in depth, and is for geological research only.

—The center of population in this country, which at the close of Jefferson's term was 40 miles northwest of Washington, is now twelve miles east of Columbus, Ind.

—The long distance bicycle race between Vienna and Trieste, has resulted in a victory for Herr Soboska, of Vienna, who covered the 310 miles in 28 hours and 45 seconds.

—While making tests with the punching machine at the new axe works at Lewistown, Mifflin county, on Monday afternoon, machinery valued at $800 was damaged in the space of one minute.

—The number of cases to be tried in the Beaver court this week is so great that Judge Wickham has secured the services of Judge Dean, of Blair county, and the two will hold court simultaneously.

—Muldoon, the wrestler, says he will train Sullivan and back him for $5,000 to fight any man in the world. He also says the men who trained Sullivan for the late fight won money on him by sacrificing the slugger.

—Jack Corbett, brother of the champion fighter, escaped from the house of correction at San Francisco, where he had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for forging his fathers' name to a check in order to buy opium.

—Twenty-four dollars in postage stamps were found in a hollow tree by Mr. Orvie Green, of Highspire, Dauphin county, recently, while he was hunting squirrels in the woods near that borough. They were rolled up in an old tomato can.

—The high wind on Sunday night did great damage in Pittsburg and Allegheny. Several buildings were unroofed, the concert hall of the Penn Incline Company being destroyed. Some of the flying debris struck Patrick Lyons, severely injuring him.

—The robbers who wrecked the train near Osage, Kan., last week, hoped to secure $1,000,000 which was being expressed from the City of Mexico to Boston. They failed to secure the money, but succeeded in killing 4 men and injuring 35 men, women, and children.

—One of the novel features at the Pottstown fair last week was the award of a stove to the mother who should exhibit the handsomest baby. There were no less than sixty-five babies entered, and the mothers of the sixty-four who did not get the prize are said to loud in their indignation.

—A dispatch from Altoona says: Gen. D. H. Hastings will not allow his name to be used as a candidate for president of the State League of Republican Clubs. It is announced on good authority that he is still a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor next year, and his friends advice him to take nothing else in the interval.

—A table made of seventy-five different kinds of wood and containing 25,465 distinct pieces, has just been finished by Charles Adams, of Spring City, Montgomery county, and will be exhibited at the World's Fair. The table is about three feet long and two feet wide. It required 1,900 hours to make the table, Mr. Adams working only at night.

—Frederick Land, a seventeen-year-old youth, residing at Wisahickon, met death in its most horrible form on Tuesday of last week. While at work at the Pencoyd iron works his leg was caught between two immense rollers. He shrieked for assistance, but before the machinery could be stopped the heavy iron had ground the bones to powder, flattening the limbs completely.

—A terrible shock felt within a radius of four miles at noon on Tuesday proved to be a blast at Dyers' quarry and cluster works, Homeville, Chester county. Andrew Carson, and his Italian partner were instantly killed and five Italians were seriously injured. Carson had drilled three holes and while charging them with dynamite. the jar of his bar caused the explosion.

—The country residence of Albert Owens, situated one mile east of Bellefonte, Centre county, was burned to the ground on Sunday night. The property was known as the Orvis farm. The house was a large two-story one and nothing of value was saved. There had been no fire in the house since Friday as the family were away. How the flames started is a mystery. The loss will reach $5,000 with an insurance of $1,600.

—It is said that ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Canaday, of the United States Senate, who committed suicide in Washington on Tuesday, was involved in financial troubles. In fact, he was in the habit of taking money from the safe of the brokerage firm of Houghton & Canaday, of which he was a member, and giving no account of its disposition. Houghton put all the money into the business at its start, and it was natural that he should object to Canaday's stealing.

—P. S. Gilmore, the great band leader, died at a hotel in St. Louis on Saturday just after he had been told that he had been appointed director of music at the World's Fair. Mr. Gilmore was born in Dublin, but came to this county in 1847, and in 1858 organized in Boston what has ever since been known as Gilmore's Band. He was also at the head of a military band in New York known as Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment. For years he has traveled over the country with his musical organizations, giving concerts, and of late years has been identified with the summer concerts at Manhattan Beach. His death was caused by an affection of the heart, aggravated by an acute attack of cholera morbus.

—Edwin Grundy, mine boss at Henry Liveright's Mapleton and Phœnix mines, was instantly killed by his wife Thursday night at their residence, near Osceola. Grundy returned home drunk about midnight and drove his family out of the house, following his wife into the orchard and thence back into the house. His wife secreted a gun under the bed and hid a pistol in her bosom. As Grundy entered he blew out the light, and made an attempt to take the pistol from his wife. In her effort to throw the pistol away it was discharged, the ball entering her husband's brain, killing him instantly. Grundy had often abused his family, and a tragedy of some kind had long been expected by the neighbors. The jury rendered a verdict of accidental shooting.

Fall Styles.

The world of fashion has been astir of late in consequence of the revival of what is called the Directoire styles, for which much popularity is predicted this autumn. The Directoire being that period of French history which preceeded the coronation of Napoleon I, and of his wife, Josephine, leads naturally to the Empire and Josephine styles, concerning which there is also a great deal of interest manifested. Another favorite variation will be the Recamier costume, taking its appellation from the famous lady of that name, who is doubly celebrated for her beauty and her friendship with Mme. de Stael. The old-time balloon sleeve, another reminiscence of that epoch, will be much in vogue this fall. Many people use the expression Directorie, Empire, Recamier without fully realizing what these expressions signify, and are consequently apt to err in their endeavor to adopt the latest novelties. A careful perusal of a first-class fashion magazine like "La Mode de Paris," "Paris Album of Fashion," or "La Couturiere" will furnish a satisfatory explanation of the differences between these historical costumes. These journals not only illustrate all modifations of these sundry styles, but also give full length descriptions of the materials to be used with appropriate trimmings, and reproduce as well the latest novelties in millinery and hat ornaments. The most practical way of obtaining this information is to subscribe for these journals. "La Mode de Paris" and "Paris Album of Fashion" are $3.50 per year each. They are the most artistic fashion journals published. "La Couturiere is a fine home journal for $3.00 and "La Mode" is only $1.50 per year. Another important fact to remember is that the three former publications contain each month a lesson on some popular garment with valuable practical suggestions. You can generally get single copies from your newsdealer, but do not allow him to give you some other journal for one of these. You can get them if you write to the publishers. Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York.

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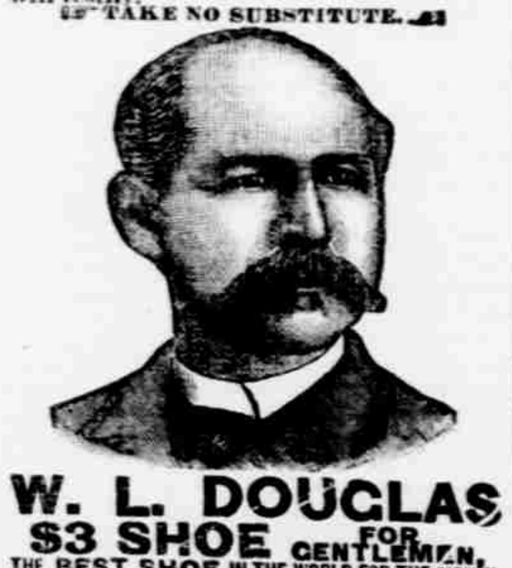

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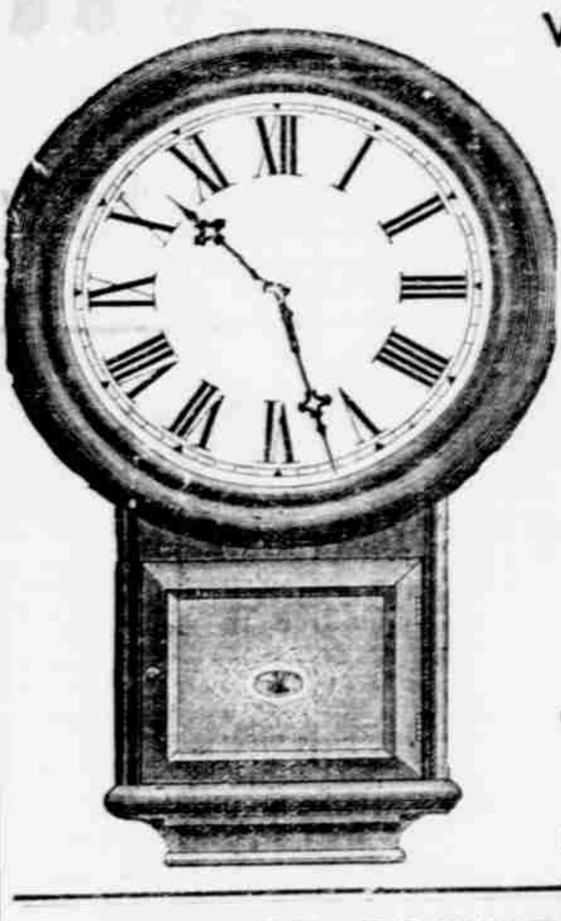

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Charles D. Wharton, late of the township of Dean, county of Cambria, deceased, have been granted to me, a resident of Chest Springs borough, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
H. SOMERVILLE,
Administrator of Charles D. Wharton, deceased.
Chest Springs, Pa., August 19, 1892.

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mbria Freeman,
SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

—The Ebensburg Agricultural Society took in about $2,400 at their fair last week, and will only have a debt of about $800, which is a pretty good showing for two years, considering the cost of all the improvements made.

—The firm of Eckenrode & Hoppel, one of the leading mercantile firms in Carrolltown, was dissolved last week by mutual consent. The business will still be continued by Mr. Andrew Eckenrode, who will close out some goods regardless of cost and give some big bargains to those who call in time.

—The Altoona *Times* of to-day (Thursday) says: "Mr. James Neason, of the Union Hotel, received a telegram from Michael Noon, of Loretto, last evening, which told of the death of an uncle of Mr. Joseph Noon, formerly of this city, but whose present whereabouts are not definitely known."

—At Gallitzin on Sunday afternoon a new branch of the Emerald Beneficial Association was organized by the election as temporary officers of Hon. M. Fitzharris as president; W. R. Conrad as secretary, and T. S. Troxell, treasurer. Mr. J. F. Dougherty acted for the state president and explained the object of the meeting.

—Mr. H. G. Kaylor son of James J. Kaylor, of Allegheny township, and a brother of R. J. Kaylor, editor of the Hastings *Tribune*, has purchased the exclusive sale of all the daily newspapers published outside of Johnstown, in that city. Mr. Kaylor has rented a business room on Washington street and will take charge of the business the latter part of this week.

—The town of St. Petersburg, Clarion county was nearly destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week. Thirty houses were destroyed and the loss is estimated at $75,000. A few years ago that place was one of the most important towns in that part of the state. But for some years but little oil has been obtained there and the town has gone down. It is not likely the burned district will be rebuilt.

—The report is confirmed that the fight between the Pennsylvania railroad and the Vanderbilt interests in the Beech Creek road has been settled in the Snowshoe coal district by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company agreeing to make all coal shipments over the most direct line to the company's markets. The injunction against the Beech Creek has been dissolved, and the latter will cross the Pennsylvania railroad tracks wherever necessary.

—George Baum, who resides west of Ludwick, Westmoreland county, while at work in Frank Smith's coal bank on Monday, was bitten on the hand by a large black spider, from the effects of which he suffered great pain. His arm and hand are terribly swollen and blood-poisoning has set in. His right side is partially paralized and, for a wile it was feared that he would die. Dr. Offot is attending him and hopes to bring him through allright.

—Ex-County Superintendent Hartman Berg, accompanied by his wife, stopped over in Ebensburg on Monday and Tuesday to see his old friends. Mr. Berg is now a resident of Salina, Kansas, and he and his wife had been at the meeting of the G. A. R. at Washington, D. C., and on their way home stopped off at Cresson and came up to Ebensburg. They left on Wednesday morning intending to stop at South Fork and Johnstown, and then return to Kansas.

—John Stewart, stable boss at the Southwest No. 4 plant, near Alverton, left for parts unknown between days last week. He had a quarrel with a neighbor woman who threatened to have him arrested on a charge of bigamy. He did not wait to be told twice, but made a hasty retreat. He left a wife and family at Alverton and is said to have a wife living in Johnstown. Mrs. Watson, with whom he quarrelled and had a law suit, threatens to hunt him down and see that he receives the punishment he deserves.

—Arrangements have been made by relatives of Jacob W. Rose, who was killed several weeks ago by a blow on the head with a stone, to have the body lifted. The object is to determine exactly the nature of the injuries to the skull, which are believed to have caused his death. His brother, George Rose, of Johnstown, has the matter in charge, and Coroner McGough, of Cambria county, will be present when the body is exhumed and the medical examination is made. The body will be taken up this week.—*Somerset Democrat.*

—The Tyrone correspondent of the Harrisburg *Patriot* says: L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, has been nominated by the Democracy of this district for our congressional standard-bearer, and as he is one of the best citizens in the district, there will be no excuse for any Democrat refusing to support him. We have now a man in the field whom we need not be ashamed of, and we can go before the peope and with a cheerful smile and honest countenances, ask the hearty sup of every individual, no matter what may be his politics. Mr. Woodruff has an unsullied reputation at home, and he is at all times one of the people. He will make a good congressman, and the people of this district will not go amiss by voting for him.

—Three Italians named Stefano Rogiero, Dominico Monaco and Filippo Falcone, were painfully injured by a blast explosion at the grading of the Pennsylvania and Northwestern tracks about one and a half miles below Lloydsville on Sunday morning about 10 o'clock. The men were engaged in blasting with contractors Keller & Crosson and had made a charge. The fuse did not ignite the powder and after some time they returned to the scene. No sooner had they commenced work than the explosion occurred. Rogiero's left hand was blown off and the right hand so badly injured that it will be necessary to amputate it also to save the arm. Monaco's face was frightfully burned and disfigured. He will lose his sight. Falcone's face and eyes were burned but not seriously.

—On Thursday of last week the house of Mr. Harry Pryce, in Cambria township, about three miles from Ebensburg, near Bradley's station, was entered by thieves while the family were at the fair. Entrance was effected by breaking open the kitchen door with a maddock which they found in the yard. After getting in the house was ransacked and searched from garret to cellar, and about seventy-five dollars in money and about sixty dollars' worth of jewelry carried off. When Mr. Pryce and his family returned they found the contents of their trunks and bureaus scattered promiscuously over the floor, the thieves having gone to the trouble of turning up the bedticks to see if any money was concealed. The trunks were broken open with an axe, split in two, and are useless for any purpose hereafter.

—Miss Bird Roberts, of this place, was a passenger on the Chicago Express on Wednesday morning of last week when that train ran into a freight train near Shreve, Ohio. Miss Roberts was returning from a visit to Minneapolis, Minn., and was in one of the rear sleepers in the rear part of the train where none were injured. In the front part of the train several cars were broken up and burned, and twelve people killed and as many more injured, Fire completely wiped out all trace of baggage, express matter, mail, and even some of the bodies of those killed. There was not a remnant or bone to be found of one of the postal clerks, the express messenger, or two ladies going from Bucyrus to Espyville, Ohio. The Chicago Express was coming east, and when near the place named, crushed into a west-bound freight.

Communication.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 27, 1892.

SIR:—In an editorial published in the Johnstown *Tribune* of September 27, 1892, and headed "McNeelis and the Ticket," the writer says:

"As the case stands the name of Ed. T. McNeelis, of Cambria county, will be printed upon the ballots for the November election as a candidate for the legislature."

Section 7 of the Baker ballot law, with reference to candidates resigning, is then quoted by the editor who further says:

"The point is that Mr. McNeelis name was not so withdrawn, and whatever his intentions may have been, he is still a candidate in the eyes of the law, and unless he yet obeys the provisions of the section quoted, the legislative ticket for Cambria county will bear the names of Jacob C. Stineman and John C. Gates, Republicans, and Edward T. McNeelis, James J. Thomas and Slater W. Allen, Democrats. Mr. McNeelis and Mr. Thomas were the original nominees and Mr. Allen was selected by the county committee upon Mr. McNeelis' 'withdrawal.' Mr. Allen's candidacy is probably not invalidated by Mr. McNeelis' failure to obey the law."

The above article was published no doubt by the editor of the *Tribune* for a sinster purpose and like all political editorials in that paper, is simply rot. My resignation was properly sworn to and filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth on July 14th, 1892, and following is a copy of it:

Cambria county, SS:

Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public in and for said county, personally came Ed. T. McNeelis, who being duly sworn, deposes and says, that on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1892, at a primary election held in said county under the Act of Assembly providing for the nomination of county and state officers, he was duly nominated by the Democratic party of said county as a candidate for election to the legislature of Pennsylvania, and that after being duly nominated, he did, on the 8th day of June, A. D. 1892, tender his resignation as a candidate for said office to Charles M. Swank, acting chairman of the Democratic county committee of said county, which resignation was afterwards, to wit: on the twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1892, accepted by said committee.

ED. T. MCNEELIS.

Witness my hand and notarial seal this 14th day of July, A. D. 1892.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Notary Public.

Above is an exact copy of your resignation as it remains on file in the state department.

H. D. TATE,
Executive Clerk.

To Ed. T. McNeelis, Esq., Johnstown, Pa.
September 27, 1892.

Notwithstanding what the editor of the *Tribune* has said or will say, the only names appearing on the official Democratic ticket for legislature in this county will be James J. Thomas and Slater W. Allen.

Respectfully yours,
ED. T. MCNEELIS.

Man and Horse Drowned.

The Williamsburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* writes as follows: The denizens of Ormenia Ore Mines were startled on Monday morning last by finding a drowned horse and an overturned buggy in one of the ponds at that place. This pond is formed by water settling in a large hole made by the excavation for ore.

William Empfield, the driver of the horse, was seen several times on Sunday in an intoxicated condition. He was driving the animal at the time, and when the horse and buggy were found in the pool the next morning, the next inquiry naturally was where was Empfield. Citizens at once removed the animal and vehicle but no trace was found of the man. A grapling hook was then procured, the bottom of the pond dredged with it and finally the body of Empfield was found cold in death.

The general supposition is that the horse turned to go into the pond for a drink of water, the place being commonly used for that purpose. Being reined up too short to get its head down the animal naturally went in far enough to enable it to get a drink. Then in making the turn to get out the buggy of course got into deep water and was overturned, throwing the occupant out. The dead man was aged about 22 years and his home was between Ormenia and Beavertown.

New Academy at Cresson.

Work has been commenced on the new academy building of the Sisters of Mercy at Cresson. The school will be for girls: will cost in the neighborhood of $200,000, and is on a tract of thirty acres. The location is not only beautiful but healthful.

The main building will be of sandstone front with brick walls. The dimensions are 250x100 feet. In the building will be three dormitories, two refectories, and a handsome chapel, with fine carved oak ceiling and rooms for the Sisters. The capacity will be one hundred and fifty pupils. A suite of rooms will be fitted up for the occupancy of the Bishop when he makes a visit.

There are four mineral springs on the ground, and these will be run into the beautiful gardens that will deck the place. It is the custom of all religious orders to improve the land on which they are located, and at the convent of St. Xavier's, in Latrobe, where the Sisters of Mercy are, there are gardens of the most beautiful nature. An elaborate design for the gardens at the Cresson building has been made. The convent will be well on toward completion by next spring.

Democrats Beware.

The following communication was published in Thursday's Johnstown *Herald*. We give it in full as it exposes the tricks that some of the Republican heelers are trying to work in order to obtain Democratic votes:

Editor Herald: Harry Kinkead (alias Red-Nosed Mike), with his confederate and trumpeter, Jack Jones, was in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards of this city last night trying to arrange a trade to give two Republican votes for James C. Darby in return for one Democratic vote to elect a Republican district attorney who never had the courage to try a case before a jury in his life. James C. Darby, candidate for prothonotary, needs no trade, nor would he sanction any.

The entire Democratic county ticket will be elected unless this class of rounders can form such an unholy alliance as they tried last night, and every self-respecting Democrat should steer clear of this contamination.

EYESAW.

Committed Suicide.

Lawyers Robert S. Murphy and W. Dick Shupe, of Johnstown, when returning from taking a drive in the country on the Valley Pike on Tuesday evening, came upon Dorsey F. Scott, a young contractor whose place of business was in Johnstown, lying beside the road with a bullet hole in his forehead. Near by was a horse and buckboard with which Scott had driven to the ground. On the seat of the buckboard was a note written with a lead pencil in which Scott stated that he had shot and killed himself on account of financial troubles. When found he was still alive but unconscious, and soon after was taken to the Memorial hospital, in Johnstown, where he died about 9 o'clock the same evening. He was about twenty-one years of age and his parents reside in Somerset county.

—Last Sunday morning about 2 o'clock fire was discovered in one of the rooms in the Kinter House, Indiana. A son of Landlord Uncapher occupied the room. He was lying in bed reading with a lighted lamp near by. It is supposed that he fell asleep, and while in that condition upset the lamp upon the bed, The bed clothing and some furniture were burned when discovered by a member of the household. Young Uncapher was dragged from his perilous position almost suffocated by the smoke. Aside from the loss on the bed and bedding, the damage was slight.

THIS WINDS UP THE CASE!

ELMER BRUNER, THE MURDERER.

On Wednesday Governor Pattison, acting on the recommendation of the Board of Pardons commuted the death sentence of Elmer Bruner, now confined in our jail for the murder of Sam Reese to imprisonment for life. And thus one of the worst and most uncalled for crimes ever committed in Cambria county goes unpunished as it should be. Poor old Sam Reese was not one of the best of citizens but his taking off, on the threshold of his own door, in defense of his own property, was a crime that should have been punished to the full extent of the law in order to deter just such criminals as Elmer Bruner.

SAM. REESE, THE VICTIM.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 28, 1892:

Jacob Bracken and Alice Ann Rager, Cambria township.

Steward Miller and Mary Hines, Blacklick township.

Francis Watt and Harriet Seymore, Allegheny township.

Samuel Neff, Washington township, and Rachael Jane Benton, Lilly.

Benjamin F. Mahon, East Conemaugh, and Maggie J. Davis, Cambria township.

B. O. Elliott, Barr township, and Rachael Williams, Cambria township.

William H. Wonders and Emma E. Burtnett, Johnstown.

Lewis Pfarr and Elizabeth Pfaller, Johnstown.

William E. Krause, Cambria township, and Mary Catharine Wagner, Jackson township.

John T. Fowler, Johnstown, and Carrie Wheeler, Lilly.

Peter J. Huber, Carrolltown, and Elizabeth Hite, Carroll township.

Emanuel B. Komp, Chambersburg, Pa., and Jennie Clark Davis, Stoyestown, Somerset county, Pa.

D. P. McLoughry, Greensburg, Pa., and Annie Lowenstein, Johnstown.

James Campbell, Maderia, Clearfield county, and Mary McCann, Cresson.

George C. Eichensehr and Catharine Costlow, Adams township.

Harry Martin and Minerva Hunter, Johnstown.

Samuel B. Cooper and Amanda H. Makin, Morrellville.

James Goggin, Jr., and Annie Jane Kane, Johnstown.

John Cheiki and Mary Guze, Johnstown.

Norbert Neason, St. Augustine, and Agnes Lantzy, Elder township.

Abner Franklin Griffith, Stonycreek township, and Ida Blanch Schrader, Dale.

John Whited and Sarah B. Dunlap, Susquehanna township.

William James Flynn and Katie Hagerty, Johnstown.

Lewis J. Rager, Upper Yoder township, and Maggie J. Johns, West Taylor township.

John Lentz and Rosie Baum, Morrellville.

G. W. Poland and Marion Houpt, Johnstown.

A Mecca for Miners.

The numerous new coal operations which have been progressing toward completion in the new Cambria region, are about ready for operation and a remarkable influx of new population will be the result. Taking in the whole Northern Cambria region, 13 operations have been begun during the past year and nearly all of them are now about ready to ship coal. A prominent official of one of the largest companies states that 300 new miners are wanted there at once, and that within five months the new operations being completed will take 500 more men.

Miners going there from other places feel certain of steady work, as the implied contract made with the Pennsylvania railroad to secure the Cambria and Clearfield will compel the companies to ship out of this region over that road 1,000,000 tons within the first year from the completion of the road; while the Chest Creek section, where the operators are Beech Creek people, have a market with the railroad company for every pound of coal they consume.

No brighter prospect was ever presented any section of Pennsylvania, and there is no doubt that hundreds of miners will seize the opportunity to locate in this new and apparently exhaustless region. Several companies now have agents at work securing men for their new mines, but there is room for all.

Labor of all kinds is very scarce in that section, as the building of new railroads, together with seven branches has asorbed it all. The new towns going up and the general activity in every line of business, make it a very good place for carpenters, masons, and, in fact artisans of all kinds. Miners, however, are in especial demand.—*Altoona Gazette.*

Leaf By Leaf.

The dropping of the leaves is not always caused by the ending of summer, or the advent of the fall season, but indeed by many causes. So with the health and life of the human being. One by one they are carried to an early grave. You take a cold and say, "Oh, well it is nothing but a cold." and so it is, but if not checked in time and neglected, it leads to consumption and other diseases. Prevent it, stop it, by using a pure rye whiskey. Ministers, physicians and hospital superintendents agree in recommending as a perfect stimulant, Klein's Silver Age or Duquesne Ryes. The former sells at $1.50 and the latter at $1.25 per full quart Sold by Ludwig & Son Johnstown Pa.

NOTICE.—The quarterly meeting of the Farmers' Alliance will be held at Loretto on Saturday, October 8th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The delegates will meet at that hour. The meeting will be open to all in the afternoon and all are cordially invited.

IRA BLOOM, Prest.
J. J. KAYLOR, Secretary.

Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as sketched by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald*—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1880. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest class and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car-load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brickwork, with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an eight ton fifteen-feet-high monument for Sheriff Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maxim all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞ Special attention paid to setting work.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
aug19.1y. 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE.
Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address
MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL,
June 17.3m. Cresson, Pa.

WANTED.—A middle-aged woman to do house work; small family; wages, $4 per week. Inquire of Joseph Griffin, Munster township, near Kaylor station.

A CAR LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dalton & Son's

BALTZELLS'

THE distinguishing points in Coats this year are, an increase in length, nobby and dressy styles and extreme elegance in finish. For proof of this look at samples in our window display. Then there are new styles in fur trimmings, some that were popular last season being entirely dropped out, especially Moufflon. Navy blue, shades of tan and mixed greys are the prevailing tones while black holds its own in quiet elegance. Here are a few but faintly outlined to give some idea of styles and prices:

LADIES' BLACK COATS.

Plain Reefers, diagonal cheviot, excellent value	$ 8.50
Fine Cheviot, elegantly lined with glace silk	10.00
Handsome wide Wale, silk lined	12.00
Very fine Worsted, large buttons, silk faced fronts	15.00
Wide Wale, elegantly lined	16.00
A fine Worsted, silk faced	18.00
Clay Worsted, full lining glace silk, large pearl buttons, the very latest	20.00
Clay Worsted, lined with black silk	22.00
Russian Blouse, the latest going	18.00

LADIES' COATS, LIGHT SHADES.

Plain Tan mixed, $7.75 and	$ 9.50
Mixed Tax, fancy buttons	9.75
Tan Cheviot, handsome silk facing	10.00
Tan Beaver, satin faced, large buttons	12.50
Pretty Mixed Cloth, brown velvet, cuffs and collar, silk facings	13.50
Tan Kersey, half lined, large pearl buttons	15.00
Light Fawn, Kersey, raw edge finish, glace silk facings	20.00
The same, silk lined	25.00

FUR TRIMMED COATS

Berlin Twill, coney faced	$ 5.00
Diagonal Cheviot, fur faced, $6.25	7.50
Astrakhan, diagonal cheviot, faced head ornaments, $9.50 and	10.00
Diagonal Worsted, astrakhan faced, satin lined	12.50
Beautiful imported Cheviots, handsome silk ornaments, astrakhan faced	15.00
Diagonal Worsted, silver fox fur	12.00
The same, opossum fur trimmed	14.00
Fine Clay Worsted, Baltic seal facing, neatly lined	15.00
Worsted Fitch, trimmed, a handsome new style	18.00
Very fine clay worsted, baltic seal facings, seal ornaments	17.00
Fine imported cheviot, real marten facings, very elegant	25.00

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

THERE will be exposed to public sale at the premises on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Gallitzin, in the county of Cambria and state of Pennsylvania, fronting on Main street and extending back to land of J. L. Mitchell, adjoining Church street on the south and an alley on the north, and having thereon erected a large two-storied

"L" FRAME HOUSE!

STABLE, and all the necessary OUTBUILDINGS in good repair.

Reserving and excepting, however, all the Coal and Mineral under said lot of ground, with the mining rights and privileges, which were sold and conveyed before David Mills acquired title to said lot of ground.

Terms of Sale:

Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third when deed is delivered; one third in six months, and one-third in twelve months from the time of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

F. J. PARRISH,
Executor of David Mills, deceased.
Gallitzin, Pa., Sept. 30, 1892 3t.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address

H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

Duff's

The oldest and best Institution for obtaining a Business Education. We have successfully prepared thousands of YOUNG MEN for the active duties of life. For circulars address, P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sept30-2m

STRAY HORSE.
Strayed away from the owners on 8th of September, a bay horse with a halter on and with his foretop clipped short, weighing about eleven hundred pounds. A suitable reward will be paid for information leading to his recovery or return.
OSWALD & O'BRIEN.
Lilly, Pa., Sept. 16, 1892.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA
☞ Office in Opera House, Centre street.

THE HEAT
HAS SHRUNK
OUR PRICES

It is midsummer now—a bad time for merchants to sell goods. To liven up business we have cut the prices on all our goods to such a percentange that no man or woman can afford to pass the opportunity of taking advantage of them.

OUR PRICES ARE CUT IN HALF!

and what you buy other places for $2.00 we will sell you from now until September 10th, at $1. Can you save this amount of money by buying at any other store? Verily not

We placed in this sale

85 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Spring Heel,

Sizes 2½ to 7, at 1.25 per pair.

125 pair of

LADIES' - TOE - SLIPPERS,

From 2½ to 8 at 47c. a pair

LADIES'

DONGOLA COMMON-SENSE OR OPERA TOE,

in sizes 2½ to 8 at 1.48 per pair.

Ladies' French Kid, High-cut, Common-sense or Opera Toe at 2.24 per pair.

We also carry a full line of ladies' cloth top Spring and Heel Shoes. Price now 2.12.

Men's Calf Dress Shoes, all shapes, at 1.98. Men's good Dress Shoes now at 1.23.

Boys' Brogans with solid sole now at 95 cents a pair, and many more bargains.

Special large display of blue prints, 50 different patterns at 5½c. per yard. Fine Bedford Cords, 36 inches wide, all new shades, go now 45c., 44 inch white Lawn at 9c., dress Ginghams at 8c., and other great bargains in the dry goods department.

A complete outfit during this sale for $10.00. The outfit consists of a suit in blue or black corded worsted, pair good Dress Shoes, Derby Hat and Suspenders. We also have great bargains in Dress Pantaloons, Shirts, Underwear, Collars and Cuffs. First arrival of the latest styles in Fall Neckwear. New Fall goods are now coming in.

SIMON & CO.,
LEADERS OF LOWEST PRICES.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after November 15th 1891.

NORTH.	Irvona Exp.†	66	[illegible]
	Church Train†	62	[illegible]
	Fast Line*	6	[illegible]
	Mail*	4	[illegible]
	STATIONS.		[illegible]
SOUTH.	Dist.		[illegible]
	Pacific Exp*	1	[illegible]
	Mail*	5	[illegible]
	Church Train†	61	[illegible]
	Cresson Exp.†	65	[illegible]

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only.
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Cristie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.

No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 23 for points east of Cresson.

No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.

From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9 23 and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.

No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 5 17 from points west of Cresson.

Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.

Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Coalport or Irvona.

Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.

W. P. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent
F. J. BURGOON, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSBURG & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect December 20, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	2 55 a m	Harrisburg Ac.	9 23 a m
Western Exp.	4 43 a m	Sea-shore Exp.	6 30 a m
Johnstown Exp.	8 24 a m	Mail	9 38 a m
Pacific Exp.	8 45 a m	Day Exp.	11 04 a m
Mail	4 26 p m	Altoona Exp.	1 00 p m
Way Pass	2 36 p m	Mail Exp.	5 17 p m
		Phila Exp.	8 12 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3 P M.
Ebensburg		7 40	10 25	3 35
Bradley	3 0	7 50	10 31	3 44
Kaylor	4 8	7 56	10 38	3 50
Noel	6.1	8 01	10 58	3 55
Munster	7 5	8 06	10 41	4 00
Lucket	9.6	8 13	10 45	4 08
Cresson	11 3	8 20	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M.
Cresson		9 30	11 10	5 20
Lucket	1.7	9 35	11 26	5 30
Munster	3 8	9 40	11 29	5 37
Noel	5.3	9 44	11 35	5 43
Kaylor	6.5	9 47	11 41	5 48
Bradley	8.3	9 52	11 47	5 57
Ebensburg	11 3	10 10	12 01	6 10

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa.
Having been appointed auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of John Foust, administrator of Samuel Miller, deceased, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, Pa., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place all parties interested may attend, otherwise be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
T. W. DICK,
Sept. 23, 1892. Auditor.

1892.

EBENSBURG .:. FOUNDRY

Will Have For Sale This Year:

Plows,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Cultivators,
Mowing Machines,
Reapers,
Rakes,
Sections for all Machines,
Hay Forks,
Hay Carriers,
Threshers,
Sled Soles,
Plow Points,
Landsides
Plow Handles,
Plow Beams,
Plow Bolts,
Cook Stoves,
Ranges,
Heaters
Heating Stoves,
Furnaces,
Grates of all kinds,
Cellar Windows,
Sash Weights,
Chimney Tops,
Iron Pumps,
Bone Dust,
Wagons,
Road Carts,
Buck-Boards,
Buggies,
Sleds,
Phosphate,
Cement,
Building Paper,
Steel Roofing,
Steel Siding,
Steel Lining,
Sugar Kettles,
Road Scoops,
Grain Drills with Corn Planter Attachment.

H. A. SHOEMAKER.

"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

Orphans' Court Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE!

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following decribed Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Washington, county of Cambria and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Fronting on the Old Portage railroad and adjoining land of Dennis Bradley, heirs of R. M. Lemon, deceased, Thomas Hewit and John McQuillan, containing

6 ACRES,

MORE OR LESS.

This property is situate about midway between Lilly and Summitville, and about a half mile from Cresson, and has a good orchard of apple and pear trees, and a never failing well of water. The property is supposed to be underlaid with coal.

TERMS OF SALE:

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid in hand at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in six months, and one third in one year from the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOHN R. KELLY,
Administrator of Anastatia Hewitt, deceased.
Lilly, Pa., Sept. 15, 1892 3t.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from	50c. up.
Team Bridles, from	$1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from	40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from	$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from	$10.00 up.

☞ Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr129tf

LILLY
BANKING : CO.,
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb5.90. Lilly, Penna.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - - PA.
☞ Office on Centre street.

THE POPE'S GIFT.

Fished from the Bottom of the Potomac After Forty Years.

One of the Oldest and Deepest Mysteries of Washington City at Last Cleared Up — A Valuable Discovery Made by a Diver.

Chief among the curiosities recovered from the Washington channel is a peculiar slab or stone, which, if some of the old residents who have been consulted on the subject are not badly mistaken, is a find of real value and interest in connection with the early history of the city, says the Washington Post.

It was several days ago that the find occurred. Diver Harry Edwards was down on his third trip in the morning, and was guiding the nozzle of the large suction hose that is used in tearing up the soft bottom to give the workmen access to the foundation of the piers. Near the southwest corner of the abutment on the district side he encountered the corner of a piece of large dressed stone, which he at first thought was a piece of the masonry of the pier which had become detached and fallen out. As the dredging gradually brought the whole of the rock to view he easily saw that the material was not such as plebeian bridges are made of. It was a sharply cut and beautifully polished piece of variegated marble, striated in veins of pink and white, which, seen through the green scintillating light of the water, took on iridescent tints as fresh as if just turned out from the sculptor's hand. It was not a large block, more like a slab about six inches thick and perhaps one and one-half by three feet in surface dimensions. But it was in the way of the engineering work, and therefore, whatever it was, it had to get out of the way, and, stooping down, aided by the buoyancy of the water, Edwards turned the stone over, and as he did so noticed a half-effaced inscription on one side. Feeling that perhaps there might be something to the curious find, he signaled the bucket, and, as his time below was nearly up, ascended with the marble and had it landed on the barge, instead of being thrown on the common scrap pile with the rest of the refuse.

The matter was investigated and the facts brought to light make it almost certain that one of the oldest and deepest mysteries of Washington has been at last cleared up.

The story is one not very widely known, and it may be briefly stated as this: During the first years of work upon the Washington monument there were contributed from all quarters of the globe memorial stones to be inlaid on the inner wall of the shaft. The crowned heads of nearly every land were proud to contribute toward America's memorial to the greatest hero of modern times, and tablets of granite and marble appropriately inscribed were received by the monument society, and placed, pending their insertion, in a long wooden storehouse or lapidarium near the foot of the shaft. Among others that were received in the winter of 1853 was a block of beautifully striated marble from the pope of Rome, with the simple inscription: "Rome to America," meaning by that not the religious but the political power represented by "Rome." But it was in the days of the old know-nothings, the "American party," whose intemperate zeal did not stop for fine distinction of definition, and, thinking that they saw in the gift an insidious invasion of papacy into the land of the free and the home of the brave, there were ominous grumblings of wrath on the reception of the gift by the authorities at Washington. But, though the cloud lowered, it did not burst.

The hard winter of 1853 passed and it was late in the spring of 1854 when the work on the monument was once more begun. The morning of March 5 of that year the city was electrified to learn that the night before an unknown band of vigilantes had broken into the stone shed at the foot of the monument and that the pope's gift to the structure was missing. But what had become of it no one knew. There was always a watchman stationed in the ground around the monument, and with him was a good watch dog, but the marauding party had laid their plans well, and the dog had been poisoned, while the watchman was imprisoned in his box by a rope passed around the outside of the doors and windows, thus preventing him from even catching a glimpse of the party who secured him. In the morning the shed was open and the stone was gone. That was all that was known, and up to a few days ago all that was ever known.

PRICES IN MONTE CARLO.

Remarkable Instance of the Extortion of Its Hotelkeepers.

Frequent complaints have been made of late of the conscienceless extortion practiced upon foreigners by the hotelkeepers of the Riviera, who are apparently doing their best to kill the goose that has laid them so many golden eggs. An incident reported by the correspondent of the London Times at Nice seems to prove that it costs even more to die at Monte Carlo than it does to live there. It appears that a short time ago a well-known Englishman was taken ill and died of dropsy at one of the hotels, and his wife, who is a member of the English nobility, decided to take the body to England for burial. Upon inquiring as to the cost of this, she was informed that it would be necessary to embalm the body, and that, with the railway charges for transport, the expense would amount to over four hundred pounds. There were certain fixed charges made by the principality of Monaco, said the doctor and undertaker, which must be paid, and this was the lowest possible estimate. This amount it must be remembered was exclusive of hotel charges or doctors' fees for attendance upon the patient; it was simply for embalming, for the cost of the coffin and its accessories and for transport to London. An appeal was made to Baron de Farincourt, the governor general of Monaco, who declared that no taxes whatever were levied upon foreigners, dead or alive, by the principality. The bill was reduced finally by nearly one-half, but the whole subject is to be brought to the attention of the British foreign office.

The Microbe of Evil.

Dr. Lombroso has written a paper in which he demonstrates that there is a peculiar magnetism in crowds, which renders them open to suggestions of crime and violence, and explains most revolutionary crimes as committed by people in a more or less hypnotic state. This explains why some of the worst horrors have not been the work of habitual criminals. He quotes another authority to prove that "a crowd is a soil in which the microbe of evil develops easily, and the microbe of good dies almost always for want of favorable conditions," and that in a crowd the good elements are eliminated and the bad multiplied by a mathematically unerring law. This is partly due to the want of moral courage—men being ashamed to show their better feelings—partly to real hypnotic suggestion, which in this article is made to do duty to an extraordinary extent—as it is supposed to explain even the fact that a pupil learns faster from a favorite teacher.—San Francisco Post.

An open letter to women. No. 3.

Thurlow, Penn.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"If any one wants to know how good your medicine is, just refer them to me.

"I was so low, people thought I never could get well again.

"The trouble was in my womb, causing bearing-down and severe backache. I was so nervous and irritable my people could hardly live with me. Sometimes I would almost fall down, I was so dizzy, and how I did lie awake nights! I thought I should go crazy!

"But now all that is changed, and I am a well woman. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound.* Now, when I do not feel just right, I take a bottle of your medicine and a box of your pills, and they never fail me."

Mrs. L. Travis.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of **$1.** Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, Lydia E. Pinkham Medical Co., Lynn, Mass. Liver Pills, 25c.

From Pole to Pole

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, Ralph V. Wingate.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masero, Basutoland (S. Africa), March 7, 1885.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. E. Bodes,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases,* there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used Hall's Hair Renewer know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

Hall's Hair Renewer produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ARTISTIC

JOB PRINTING

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KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.
Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six more to prevent Roup," says one customer. **If you can't get it send to us. Ask first.** Sample for 25 cts. in stamps. Five packs $1. Large 2 1-4 lb. can, by mail, $1.20. Six large cans, $5 express prepaid. Sample copy of **The Best Poultry Paper** sent free. Farm-Poultry one year (price 50c.) and large can $1.50. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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Fifes, Piccolos, Clarionets, Cymbals and all Instruments pertaining to Brass Bands and Drum Corps.
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RIDING A CROCODILE.

It Is a Very Lively Experience, Though Hardly a Pleasant One.

A cayman from a neighboring lagoon had occasionally poached among our ducks, says the engineer of an estate in India, as reported in "Tales of Travel," and we had been for some days on the lookout for him. One morning we discovered him lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder.

I ran for my gun and fired at him. The shot merely stirred the old rogue up: he thrashed about in the water for a minute, and then left the pond and started for the morass.

I tried to get aim at his head, but was unable to do so. At this moment David, an African wainman, came up, and before I realized his purpose, he had thrown himself astride the crocodile, grabbed his fore paws and held them doubled up across the creature's back.

The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move his feet freely and slap his tail about, he could not bulge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavor to grab himself onward. He was obliged to move in a circle, and of course was pretty nearly confined to one spot.

The African kept his seat. He received some hard jerks, but as his seat was across the reptile's shoulders, he was well out of danger from jaws and tail so long as he held on.

"Shoot 'im! Me got 'im!" the fellow called to me.

I reloaded my gun, and getting good aim at the crocodile's head, soon put an end to his mischief. The old fellow measured fifteen feet.

A QUEER RAILROAD.

Run by Three Men and with Occasional Grades of Six Feet to the One Hundred.

A curious little railroad train goes crawling up and down the mountain from Tres Pinos to Burt's lime kiln in the Gavilan range, San Benito county, Cal., every day. It is probably the strangest railroad that was ever seen; yet, until the Helena Independent noticed it, not a word was ever printed regarding it. The train moves on a curious single track and is drawn by an engine set low on it. Both the engine wheels and those which support the cars have a single, pivot-like piece of steel which sets in the slot track, for it must be borne in mind that the track has a slot in it not unlike that seen on a cable track. In addition to this each wheel has a flange on each side of it, so that it cannot get off the track, no matter how abrupt the curves. The road as completed is now nine miles long, but when pushed through as intended it will be fourteen miles in length. Three men run it. These consist of an engineer, fireman and a brakeman. In one place there is an eight-hundred-foot grade mounted at the rate of six feet to the one hundred, yet the engine puffs right along with three loaded cars, not in the least bothered in any way. There is one grade a quarter of a mile long in which an average of four feet is gained to the one hundred. One curious thing about it is that the wheels are in a sense rollers. They reach from one side to the other. The flanges hold them on, assisted by the pivot, past which each half of the wheel comes down.

A Curious and Beautiful Spot.

Probably no other part of the world, excepting, perhaps, Yellowstone park, contains so many natural curiosities as Modoc county, Cal. The first, from a historical point of view, is the famous lava beds—scene of the Modoc war—a country of rocks so full of caves that lakes and rivers are swallowed up, leaving nothing but a faint murmur to show their course through the bowels of the earth. In many of the caverns an army of men could hide, and in some places the intense heat of the rocks is evidence that internal fires are raging. In all parts of the country can be found mammoth hot springs, belching forth water strongly impregnated with minerals, and often close by will be caves of the purest ice. Medicine lake is a wonder which draws many visitors annually—a body of water that does not contain a living thing and at certain hours of the day is full of a gelatinous, spongelike substance that sinks and leaves the water clear. At the lake are two mountains, one of pure obsidian, the other of pumice stone, in layers.

A BATCH FOR THE WRITER.

Meissonier left a manuscript romance.

The German historical writer, Von Holst, whose "Constitutional History of the United States" made him famous twenty years ago, is only fifty-one years old.

The bells of St. Boniface, referred to in Whittier's poem, "Red River Voyageur," were rung at Winnipeg, Canada, recently, on the occasion of the poet's birthday.

Emperor William has given 15,000 marks to aid the publication of an elaborate literary souvenir of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. The work will be edited by the Berlin Geographical society.

The centenary celebration of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley will be celebrated Aug. 4, when the poet's admirers will gather in London and make a pilgrimage to Field Palace, near Horsham, where he was born.

The late Amelia Edwards was in receipt of £80 a year from the British civil list. The pension was not necessary to her support, however, for she was able to bequeath property bringing in an income of about $2,000 a year for the endowment of a professorship of Egyptology.

FOREIGNERS MUCH TALKED OF.

The most brilliant fencer in the world is believed to be Cavaliere Eugenio Pini, who is making fencing even more fashionable in London.

Mr. Gladstone is very much attached to a little black Pomeranian dog, Petz by name, which was given him some years ago by a friend in Germany.

The countess de Castries, who died recently in Paris at the age of 79, was the mother-in-law of President and Marshal MacMahon, duke of Magenta.

Only one woman of the upper class of Egypt is permitted to see men. She is the widowed Princess Mazal, for whom the sultan issued an order granting her that privilege.

Lady Henry Somerset, who was recently in this country, has a sister who is married to the duke of Bedford, who is said to habitually dine in state at midnight, although an early riser.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Aluminum water bottles are a failure.

Steel chimneys are becoming common.

A fellow named Ammonia has bought an interest in the "Red Onion" drug store at Sturgeon, Kan.

In 100 years $500 worth of pennies would only be worth $250 so quick does copper money wear away.

The origin of football is unknown, but the first mention of the game is in the reign of Edward III. (1349.)

"Good-by" is a contraction of "God with you." The French adieu means "to God"—an abbreviation of "I commend you to God," or some equivalent phrase.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female loveliness, and to have each lady rate her own charms, saying: "The tax would be cheerfully paid and would prove productive."

"Well begun is half done." Begin your housework by buying a cake of

SAPOLIO.

Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for all cleaning purposes.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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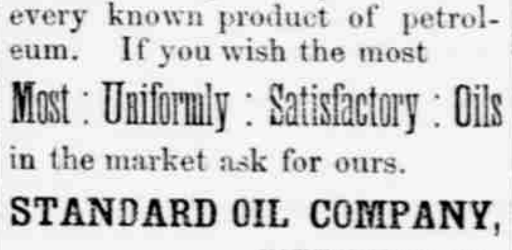

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing.** Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the **golden** opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, **at least, a grand start in life.** The **golden** opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5 to $10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free,** by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

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PUBLISHING BALANCE SHEETS.

A Practice Which Has Resulted in Benefit to Private Banks in England.

A notable change has taken place in English banking circles within a few years. Formerly the balance sheet of a private bank was an unknown thing to the public, and the exhibition of one would have been regarded as a sign of weakness. Some heavy failures of private bankers showing unsatisfactory revelations reduced the business of this class of financiers, and they began to see the mistake of keeping their business secret. In 1885 an eminent London firm began to issue a balance sheet, and since then the practice has gradually become general, so that a recent number of the Economist, in its review of bank balances, gives more than forty of such accounts. The general result is to show that these banks are in a very sound condition, which, of course, must tend to enlarge their business. Private banks do not fill so large a space in the financial world in this country as in England, but they nevertheless do a very large business, and some of them are known the world over by their extensive transactions. Occasionally the country is startled by a failure among them, producing very disastrous results among their patrons. They depend upon the community at large for their business, and would it not, asks the Boston Journal, be sound policy to publish balance sheets as their English brethren do? Such a course would prove beneficial to themselves as well as to their patrons. The knowledge that a balance sheet was expected would induce caution among the managers, and their business would be conducted more conservatively and in the long run more successfully. The public annually intrusts immense sums to private bankers and it is but just that they should have more definite information as to the financial condition of the parties to whom they loan their money.

MUSCLES OF THE JAW.

They Can Be Developed to a Very High Degree.

A very curious question has recently been answered by Prof. Karl Sauer, one of Berlin's most prominent dentists, in the following manner, says a writer in the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

"The various circus performances of iron jaw development, whereby a man hanging from a trapeze holds another by a strap between his teeth, denotes such a powerful strength of the muscles of the jaws and neck that to a layman such a feat seems little short of a miracle.

"But this demonstrates only to what extent the strength of the muscles of the jaw can be developed by corresponding exercise. It is not as difficult as it seems to find out the average ordinary power of these muscles.

"A flat steel or iron band pierced at the end with two holes through which a piece of wire can be pulled serves for this purpose. The band is laid across the teeth of the lower jaw as far back as the corners of the mouth will permit. The weights are attached to the wire, and must touch the floor or table when the mouth is held open. The wires are taut, and the person making the experiment must stand perfectly erect.

"I found more than twenty years ago, while making a similar test, that the average weight which can be pulled up with the jaw, so that the lips will close, is fifty pounds. Persons who eat coarse food, hard, dry bread, etc., or those in the habit of cracking nuts with the teeth, acquire greater strength of the jaw than gourmands, who mince delicately prepared dishes."

A SNOBBISH EQUIPAGE.

The Dog Cart and Its Gorgeous Belongings.

Of all the snobbish equipages of the snobbish rich the most snobbish is one of those high carts, with the half of the seat upon which the driver sits fully a foot higher than the other half of the seat, and thus laden, says the Boston Transcript: Upon the high seat, driving a snobbish young lady, in a gorgeous snobbish pink driving gown, snobbishly puffed up at the shoulders; upon the other half of the seat a snobbish young gentleman conversing snobbishly with the young lady. He sits so much lower than she that his shoulders are about on a level with her belt, and he has to look up sidewise with a most painful, grotesque stretching of his neck. The young lady now and then looks down upon him, smiling in her snobbishly superior way. The spectacle is so genuinely grotesque that all the people on the street are on an involuntary broad grin, not snobbish, as they look at the foolish-looking young man, so high up in the air and yet so low down as regards the young lady. The horse wears a snobbish brass-mounted harness, with a little ring tinkling snobbishly somewhere at the front of it. The animal's tail is snobbishly banged. The young lady urges him on at a majestic gait. The low-down young man still cranes his neck upward, grimacing. The young lady beams down from her height, grimacing. The dog-cart rolls on down the road. It is all exquisitely snobbish, pitiably ridiculous.

SWINDLING IS UNIVERSAL.

But It Generally Gets Its Compensation in Its Own Coin.

Each season has its peculiar swindles too numerous to mention. In summer the iceman, who is very far from being a nice man, reaps his little harvest. The iceman's bills, even in July or August, may be called a cold steal. In winter the plumber challenges our admiration. Strict, honest and square dealing is not obtained even in the administration of justice. A colored gentleman who adhered too closely to a valuable dog, on which he had not even a mortgage or builder's lien, got two years at Sing Sing, while the average boodle alderman gets a new trial, or an acquittal. The man who steals a dollar is called a thief, while the man who feloniously absorbs a million is called a brilliant financier; and so he is, but he is simultaneously a thief, all the same. However, there are compensations. For instance, the alderman who boodles, in turn is severely boodled by the legal gentlemen who attended to his (the boodler's) vindication. The merchant who fines his clerks, and otherwise robs them, is victimized by the fashionable female kleptomaniac, who has such taking ways. The American exile in Canada has to pay a quarter for a drink of whisky. The wealthy coal dealer or the Wall-street broker inadvertently visits a church fair, and when he comes out he feels as bad as if he had been interviewed by the Pullman car porter. As a boodler, he is the boss. Of all the boodlers he does the biggest business on the smallest capital.—Texas Siftings.

ECHOES OF LONDON TOWN.

An exhibition called the "Magic Maze of Mirrors" has sprung up in London. As the visitor enters the door he sees a crowd beckoning him from a hundred different angles—an effect produced by one stuffed image.

A trained terrier, with a light cord attached to his neck, runs through underground conduits, from one man-hole to another, in London streets. Thus electric wires are safely and hurriedly drawn from station to station.

The miscellaneous concert halls, town halls, institutes, schoolrooms, etc., that can be tabulated reach 131 in London and the various suburbs, with an estimated value of $1,135,000 and a seating capacity of 117,000 persons nightly.

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Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the *Mack Publishing Co.*, 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated **"Ladies' Books."** It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous household game **Verba.**

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A very pleasing, harmless glycyrrhized aromatic compound for disguising the taste of quinine and other bitter drugs, either solid or fluid. **Price, 75 Cents per Pint Bottle.** Prescribed by thousands of physicians in Europe and America. Formula accompanies every bottle. For Sale by Druggists.

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ROYAL PILLS.

Same medicinal properties as Royal Elixir, in boxes, 30 pills to box, for **25** cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!

Vinegar Bitters CORDIAL,	delicious taste,	**50c.**
Vinegar Bitters POWDERS,	50 doses,	**50c.**
Vinegar Bitters, new style,	pleasant taste,	**$1.00**
Vinegar Bitters, old style,	bitter taste,	**$1.00**

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MEXICAN MIRACLES.

The Extraordinary Powers of a Young Senorita.

All Sorts of Physical Afflictions Dispelled by Her Supernatural Influence — Miraculous Performances.

Teresa Urrea, the eighteen-year-old daughter of well-to-do parents, who has been astonishing the inhabitants of her native state with miraculous performances for many months, is still at work, says a Sonora correspondent of the New York Sun, and in such a way that responsible persons, whose tales are to be credited, shake their heads and say it is certainly very curious. Old Don Tomas, the girl's father, a practical and prosaic hacienda proprietor, is not happy at the notoriety brought upon the family. At the same time he cannot help himself.

Teresa began her strange actions by awakening her parents one midnight many months ago, with pitiable groans and lamentations. The terrified old folks tumbled out of bed and hurried into the adjoining room. Teresa informed them that she was suffering a "great agony of spirit," but that as soon as the cock should crow thrice she would be relieved. She had spasms, and went into a trance that lasted thirteen days. Her parents thought her dead and were preparing for the funeral when she revived and recovered. Immediately after this she began to perform wonderful cures by the laying on of hands. A lame woman was her first case. This becoming rapidly gossiped about, the lame, blind and otherwise ailing began to arrive in crowds, walking on their knees as soon as they came in sight of the house, and reciting prayers and calling the young lady the "holy maiden."

Don Tomas, the father, began to think it had gone far enough, and said emphatically that the nonsense must cease. "You may say what you please, papa," said Teresa, "but you will see by and by, that it is not nonsense." And she immediately started in to give him a proof of her powers in mind reading. The old gentleman was quite upset and had no more to say. Teresa, therefore, continues in the good work.

The authorities have thought it worth while to investigate, and the result is a report signed by Senors Tiburcio, Esquer Parada, Castro and Amparan, all of whom are the opposite of superstitious. According to what they have discovered Miss Urrea has cured more than three hundred sufferers from all kinds of complaints. The Mexicans, especially the men, are rather given to scoffing at such manifestations. One incredulous individual named Jose Parades laughed in the young girl's face, whereupon, so says the report, she slipped out of her body and stood before him for an instant in double form, both shapes being perceptible to him. Parades rubbed his eyes and his hair rose on end.

"What did you see?" asked Teresa.

"Nothing," he stammered. "That is, it was an optical illusion." But he was converted. And so Teresa keeps on. She is a tall, slender girl, with small features, a melancholy glance, and modest manners. She has but a moderate education, and is disposed to preach faith and good works.

The hacienda of her father is sixty miles from Alamos, between the Yaqui and the Mayo. And there all day long, and day after day, in the eternal summer sunlight of that land, the crowd of sufferers come walking on their knees and droning their prayers and beseeching the "holy maiden." And Teresa meets them with benign self-confidence and bids them be well and depart in peace. "Something very curious about it," say the skeptical, and shrug their shoulders.

A MAMMOTH FLUME.

Eighty-Five Feet High and Thirty-Five Miles Long.

The flume which conveys the water from the mountains to the reservoir at San Diego, Cal., is said by those who know whereof they speak to be the largest and longest thing of the kind in the world. It is thirty-five miles long and is composed almost wholly of redwood.

In its course this monster flume crosses 315 streams and canyons on trestles, the longest of which is 1,700 feet and 85 feet high. The timbers used in them were put together on the ground and raised to their present position by horse power, says the St. Louis Republic.

Besides its many trestles, this flume passes through eight tunnels, the longest of these being 2,100 feet in length. The tunnels are each six by six feet in size, with convex roofs.

Each mile of the flume required on an average 250,000 feet of lumber and timbers of all kinds, that used in constructing the water-box itself being of redwood, two inches thick.

Building a water-tight box thirty-five miles long over fathomless chasms and through the hearts of mountains is a gigantic undertaking which many believed could not be accomplished. The result has proved different.

TRICKS OF A BEAVER.

How a Tame One Undertook to Dam the Arkansas River.

A tame beaver, kept some years ago by the soldiers at Bent's fort, on the Arkansas river, became quite famous on account of his sagacity. This animal was caught when young, and became perfectly docile, being a great favorite of the families of the fort and of the trappers when they returned from their trips to the mountains, says the Great Divide. The little fellow could never be cured of his instinct to build dams. He actually undertook to dam the Arkansas river, and worked for months all night long, returning to the fort every morning as the sun rose. He cut down quite a number of large trees, but life proved too short for the completion of his plans.

While around the fort he was constantly turning over every kind of a vessel that contained water and collecting sticks to head it off as it flowed away. One night by oversight the beaver was locked up in the warehouse. During the night in nosing about he discovered a ten-gallon tank of molasses that had been left uncovered. That discovery proved Jack's doom. The next day he was found gasping for life, having been caught in the sticky mass as the tank was upturned. He never recovered from the shock, and was tenderly buried in the presence of a large circle of his friends.

WOMEN WELL KNOWN.

Ida Lewis, who, at the age of twelve, rescued four young men from a capsized sailboat, has charge of the Lime Rock lighthouse at Newport, R. I.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland sent a Chippendale dressing-table as a bridal gift to Miss Gwendoline Jackson, of Jamaica, West Indies, who was recently married to Joseph B. Gilder, the editor of the Critic.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris now lives in London and is a woman of wealth. Her father-in-law left his estate to her and her two children, on the condition that they would make their residence in England.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will spend the summer with Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Scoville at Stamford, Conn. At a recent meeting of the New York Women's Press club Mrs. Beecher was elected an honorary member.